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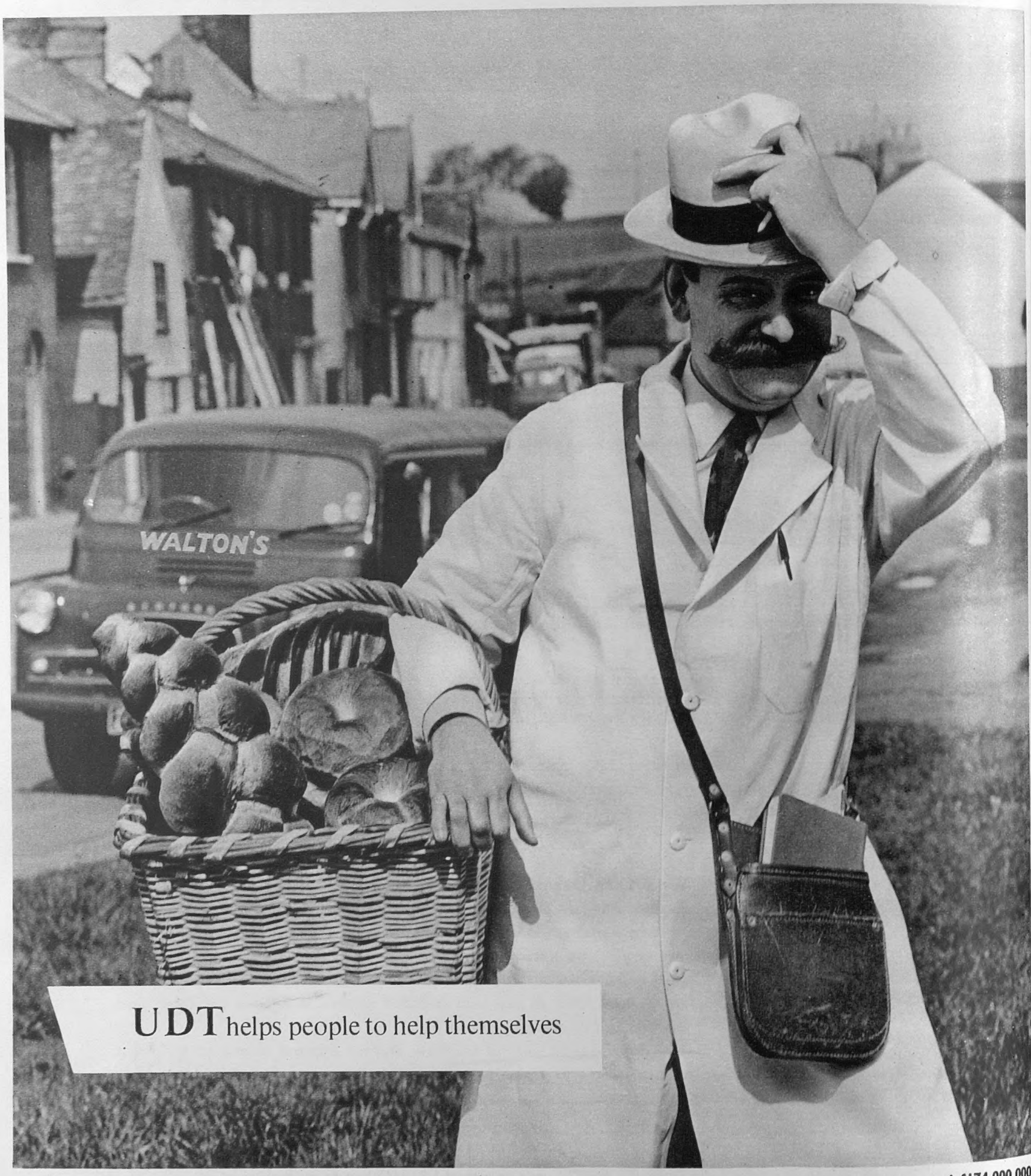

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Volume CCXLIV No. 3168

THE SPHERE

LONDON, February 18, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

THE QUEEN AND THE SHEEP

At Jamrud, during her journey to the Khyber Pass, the Queen touches a sheep to signify acceptance of a traditional gift from tribal maliks. The presentation and acceptance were symbolic, and the sheep were returned to the tribesmen for a special feast. The visit to Jamrud was one of several calls made by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their tour of the North-West Frontier of Pakistan. Peshawar was the centre for brief excursions to the Warsak Dam Project, and to the Pakistan-Afghan border. Later, during their journey to Swat, they visited Malakand, where more tribal maliks waited for another welcoming ceremony. In Swat, the Queen and the Duke were the guests of the Wali for a two-day holiday. Subsequently, on their journey by air to Rawalpindi and Lahore, they flew over the site of Islamabad, which is to be the new capital of Pakistan. In Lahore, the Royal programme had been arranged to include visits to the Horse Show, where the Queen presented the prizes. On February 16, the Queen and the Duke returned to India

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In the Officers' Mess at Redfern Barracks in Edinburgh, officers, warrant officers and sergeants drink to their new regiment, the Queen's Own Highlanders, after a brief ceremony to mark its formation as a result of the amalgamation of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The colours of both the Seaforths (*below, far right*) and the Camerons had been cased and handed over. Later in the day the new regiment performed its first public duty when it took over the guard at Edinburgh Castle. The dress of the Queen's Own Highlanders incorporates the Mackenzie kilt of the Seaforths and the Cameron trews of the Cameron Highlanders. The regiment is to sail for Singapore in April

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s TOAST THE QUEEN'S OWN HIGHLANDERS FORMED FROM THE SEAFORTHS AND CAMERONS

Below, right: Mr. James Zarb holds the hand of his daughter Marlene. Also walking with him are his eldest daughter, Mary, and his son, Gerald. Mrs. Zarb and their second daughter, Anne, are in the doorway behind. Mr. Zarb had flown into London on the day following his release from prison near Cairo. He had served less than half of the ten-year sentence passed on him in August 1956 for alleged spying activities. He said he had no complaints about his treatment in prison. Although he is a British subject, Mr. Zarb, who had a business in Egypt, had never been in Britain before last week

MR. ZARB AND HIS FAMILY AT LONDON AIRPORT

THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS' COLOURS

ROAD AND RAIL CRASHES

Below: Firemen were called out in Ealing last week to free the driver of a double-decker bus who was trapped in his cab after a 50-ft. elm-tree had crashed on the vehicle in a high wind. The driver suffered severe leg and chest injuries and the conductress and three passengers were slightly injured. Firemen were also quickly at the scene of another crash—this time on a railway in the North of England. A diesel train ran away and left the track at Royton Station, near Oldham, and wrecked nearby houses. The driver of the train and five people were injured

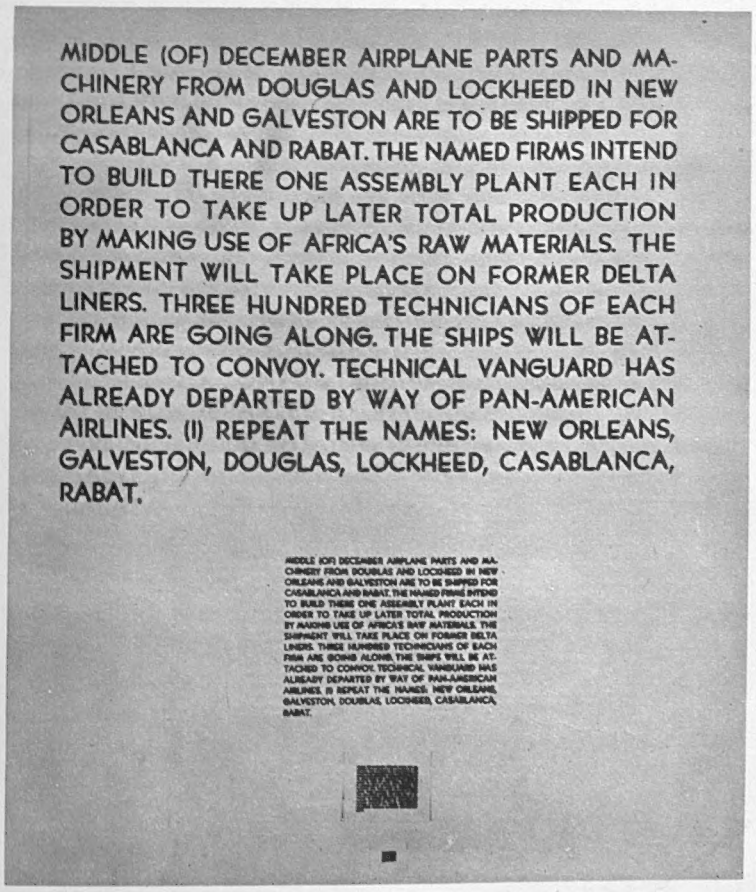
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The white of the snow in Bavaria is overhung by smoke rising from flames as fighter aircraft play their part in the Nato Exercise "Wintershield II." **Below right:** The French tanks are seen in a village near Regensburg. Altogether some 60,000 United States, French and West German officers and men were taking part in the manœuvres, the first phase of which ended a fortnight ago. Observers from member States of Nato and from neutral countries, including Switzerland and Austria, were present. On the closing days the troops were visited by Herr Strauss, the Defence Minister of West Germany. Accompanied by General Hans Speidel, the Commander of the Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, he saw a number of units and watched sharp-shooting by the 24th United States Infantry Division on the exercise ground at Grafenwöhr. In the years before the First World War the chief annual military event in Germany was the "War Game," a series of massive manœuvres in the autumn, in which the Kaiser took command of one side and expected to win

A FIGHTER ATTACK ON THE SNOW IN EXERCISE "WINTERSHIELD II"

FRENCH TANKS PARTICIPATING IN THE MODERN "WAR GAME" IN GERMANY

Below, right: The microdot camera enables a message to be photographed and reduced to the minute size seen as a dot at the bottom of the picture. This example was made recently in Washington. In London last week in the Secrets Case trial at Bow Street Magistrates Court, it was alleged by the prosecution that microdots had been employed by the accused. Examples alleged to have been found in the homes of some of them were produced. The five accused were: Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, company director; Henry Frederick Houghton, Civil Servant; Peter John Kroger, bookseller, and his wife Helen Joyce Kroger; and Miss Ethel Elizabeth Gee, Civil Servant. They faced charges of spying under the Official Secrets Act of 1911. During the hearing several security officers went into the witness-box. Their names were not given. Some of the evidence was heard in camera. The case lasted three days. At the end the five accused were committed for trial at the Old Bailey next month and detained in custody



AN EXAMPLE OF A REDUCTION OF A MICRODOT

Far right: The King of Jordan hugs and kisses his daughter, Princess Alia. The photograph was one of a series taken in the grounds of the Basman Palace in Amman shortly before the Princess's fourth birthday, which she celebrated on Monday last, February 13. The heir presumptive to the throne is the twenty-year-old Amir Muhammad, younger brother of King Hussein

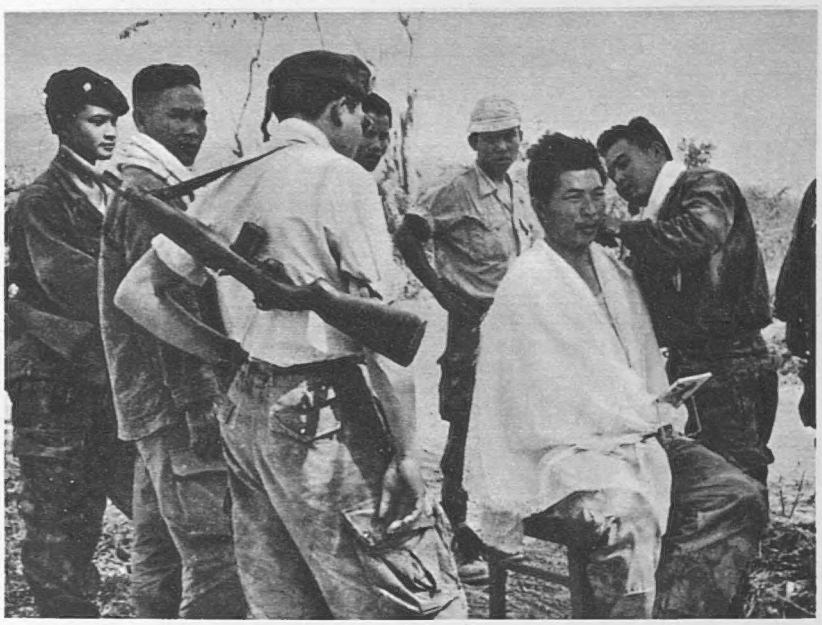
KING HUSSEIN AND HIS DAUGHTER

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Ch. Riverina Tweedsbairn, a three-year-old Airedale terrier, owned by Miss P. McCaughey and Mrs. D. Schuth, of West Byfleet, Surrey, stands by its Supreme Championship trophy. Earlier the dog was chosen as the best terrier at Cruft's show, Olympia. It was the first time that the breed had taken the Supreme Championship since the Kennel Club took over the Show in 1948. **Far right:** The reserve in the championship was a nineteen-month-old English setter, Silbury Soames of Madavale, owned by Mrs. A. Williams, of Henlade, Taunton

THE SUPREME CHAMPION AT CRUFT'S SHOW

AND THE RUNNER-UP



A LULL IN THE SPORADIC FIGHTING IN LAOS

One of the soldiers of the right-wing forces of Prince Boun Oum and General Nosavan is given a haircut in the open during a pause in the fighting in Laos. It was reported last week that the left-wing forces, holding the provinces of Xieng Khouang, Phong Saly and Sam Neua in the north, had set up a rival Government claiming the authority of the exiled Prince Souvanna Phouma, the former neutralist Prime Minister of Laos

MAO TSE-TUNG (RIGHT) AND THE PANCHEN LAMA

The Chinese Communist leader sits in Pekin with his puppet ruler of Tibet. After the flight of the Dalai Lama from Lhasa two years ago, the Panchen Lama was appointed by the Chinese to be Acting Chairman of the Preparatory Committee for the Tibetan Autonomous Region. Chinese policy towards Tibet and the ensuing frontier dispute with India have recently been reported to have been hotly opposed by Soviet Union

Police guard the gutted tram station at Porta Capuana in Naples after it was burnt out during the most serious riots in the Italian city for some years. The immediate cause of the rioting last week was a sudden transport strike which left about 4,000 Neapolitans without any means of getting home after work. The angry crowd set fire to the terminus, buses, trams and a police vehicle. After the entire riot squad had been called out, the disturbances died down leaving 68 injured

AFTERMATH OF THE RIOTING IN NAPLES

Far right: Mr. Ben-Gurion walks through Jerusalem to call on President Ben-Zvi of Israel and lay down his office as Prime Minister. With him is Mr. Yizhak Navo, his Private Secretary, who is carrying the letter of resignation. Mr. Ben-Gurion resigned owing to disagreements with certain members of his Cabinet. His withdrawal meant the end of the six-party Coalition Government which had been in power since April. Mr. Ben-Gurion may head a new cabinet

MR. BEN-GURION RESIGNS OFFICE

NEWS SUMMARY

Probing the origins of the Universe and its state to-day; the Lumumba mystery; Conservative rift over Rhodesia; further trouble in Angola

UNIVERSAL

Last Sunday the Soviet Union launched an "interplanetary space station" weighing over half a ton, in the direction of Venus. It was estimated that it would take until the middle of May to reach the planet 26,000,000 miles from earth. The "pick-a-back" method of launching was the first to be successfully achieved: the space station was fired from a parent statellite in orbit round the earth. It was reported that the space station was transmitting signals from far out in space. (Jodrell Bank picked up signals from the American space rocket Pioneer V when it was 22,500,000 miles from earth.)

At the same time as both the U.S. and Russia were working at full pressure on programmes to explore space and to fire a man on a journey from earth, scientists at Cambridge University produced new evidence on the origin of the universe. Professor Martin Ryle, the Professor of Radio Astronomy, and his associates, using an extremely powerful radio telescope, gathered data claimed to show that the universe is still evolving. This contradicts an opposing theory, strongly held by Professor F. Hoyle, Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge, that the universe is "a steady state," supported by the continuous creation of matter in space.

Both Professor Ryle and Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, the director of Jodrell Bank, have made applications to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for new telescopes. Professor Ryle's is for a larger and more accurate device than the one he has used.

Last week, people in various parts of Europe were able to see their last total eclipse of the sun before 1999. The path of totality of the eclipse passed from the Bay of Biscay, through Southern France, across Northern Italy, and through Yugoslavia, Rumania and Russia. Britain had only a partial eclipse but it was hoped to show the total eclipse on television.

INTERNATIONAL

A Russian request for a closed meeting of the Security Council in **New York** last week-end was refused by this month's chairman, Sir Patrick Dean (Britain), after he had consulted other Council members. The Russians wished to discuss the numerous reports from Congo that Mr. Lumumba had not "escaped" as stated by the Katanga authorities but had been murdered. If this was so, the Russian delegate warned there might be "serious international consequences."

The council met for normal session on Monday morning last, under the shadow of the report that Mr. Lumumba had been killed. This news had been given by the Katanga Government who stated he had been "massacred by villagers as he tried to escape."

Throughout the world it was recognised the Congo crisis had entered its most serious phase.

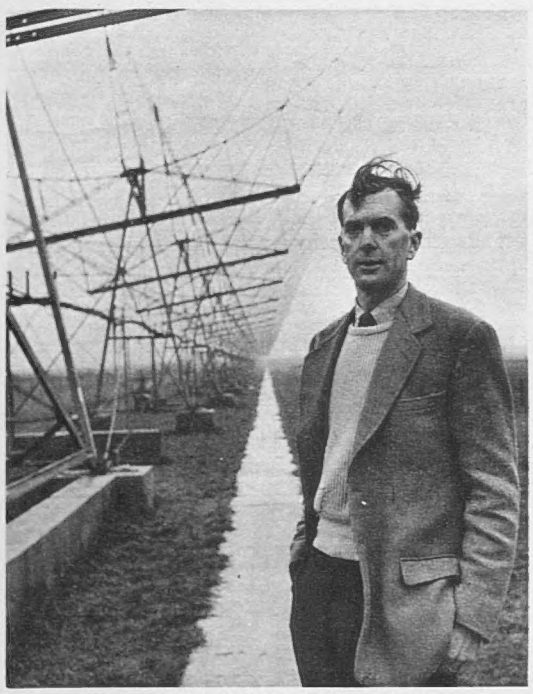
In **Paris** the Heads of Government and Foreign Ministers of the Six Common Market countries concluded their conference. A communique spoke of their anxiety "to maintain and develop exchanges with other European countries, especially Britain, and with all other countries in the world." The leaders of the Six decided to meet again in Bonn on May 19.

The Ministerial meeting of the Seven members of the European Free Trade Association was to open in **Geneva** last Tuesday, under the chairmanship of Mr. Maudling (Britain). Main items on the agenda included: bridging the gap with the Six; Finland's possible association with E.F.T.A.; reduction of tariffs among the Seven.

GREAT BRITAIN

Unrest in a section of the Conservative Party over the Government's policy towards the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland came into the open last week. Some seventy Conservative M.P.s tabled a motion calling on the Government to maintain the basis of non-racial representation in Northern Rhodesia as laid down in 1958. This was taken to be a warning to Mr. Macleod that the backbenchers would not tolerate any plan for African parity with European representation in the Legislative Council and the Conservative dissidents' determination not to allow the whole Federation to be broken up.

In contrast, the Labour Party was united in its strong attack on the Minister of Health for his increased health charges. The debate ended in rowdy scenes and later Labour put down a motion of censure on the Deputy-Speaker for allowing the adjournment of the House. But ahead of Labour was the imminent publication of the Government's annual Defence White Paper.



Professor Martin Ryle and his radio telescope

RHODESIA

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Sandys, a new constitution for Southern Rhodesia was agreed in **Salisbury** last week. The constitution envisages a declaration of basic rights for all; an extended franchise on two electoral rolls; and an enlarged Legislative Assembly which would include African members for the first time. The proposals were welcomed by moderate European and African opinion. It remained to be seen whether extremists on both sides would accept them.

In **Lusaka** and certain other places in Northern Rhodesia, Territorials were called out when it became apparent that the conference on the constitution for Northern Rhodesia, being held in London, had reached deadlock. The United Federal Party and Dominion Party delegates continued to boycott the meetings, although their leaders had private talks with British Ministers. The Africans and Europeans present at the conference strongly resented this. Early this week the Cabinet was expected to consider ways of ending the impasse over Northern Rhodesia.

TUNISIA

The Tunisian Minister of Information, Mr. Masmoudi, before leaving **Paris** for Tunis, discussed the "great and justified hopes" of arranging a meeting between General de Gaulle and President Bourguiba. The Tunisian President has been widely regarded in political circles in Paris as the likely intermediary between General de Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas, the head of the "Algerian Provisional Government." During this week, Mr. Masmoudi was expected to make a number of journeys between Tunisia, France and Switzerland, where President Bourguiba has been having medical treatment at Zurich. A further indication of Tunisia's position as an intermediary between the Arabs and the West was its delegate's rather surprising appearance at the meeting earlier this month of the Foreign Ministers of the Arab League in **Bagdad.**

ANGOLA

There were fresh disturbances in **Luanda,** the capital, at the end of last week. In an attack on a prison, at least seven Africans were killed, thirteen wounded were captured and a further twenty-six were taken prisoner. This brought the official figures to a total of thirty-nine dead and sixty-six wounded in eight days of rioting in the Portuguese Overseas Province. But it was believed that the numbers were much higher. The Portuguese authorities imposed a heavy censorship on news being transmitted from Luanda. A number of paratroopers have been flown in and troop movements on a large scale have been reported. It seemed likely that last week's disturbance was another suicidal attack on a well-defended prison and was designed to publicise opposition to the Portuguese regime in Angola.

NORTH CAMEROONS

Voting took place in the plebiscite in the United Kingdom Trust Territory in West Africa last Sunday and Monday to decide whether it should join Nigeria or the Republic of Cameroun (formerly French Cameroons). Nigeria administered the North Cameroons until last October when a plebiscite favoured a postponement of a decision on the country's future until the first quarter of this year. Should it now decide to join Nigeria it is understood North Cameroons will become the thirteenth province of the Northern Nigerian Region.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

In the next issue of *The Sphere* (February 25), Mr. Victor Bonham-Carter contributes the first of two articles (the second will follow on March 4) on various aspects of public school education. In the first he discusses why many parents continue to stint themselves in order to pay high fees; and what they expect to get in return in teaching, character training and social atmosphere.

In the second he examines the relationship of independent and State education and refers to the problems of widening the entry into public schools.

Mr. Bonham-Carter is well-equipped to deal with this very important and topical subject. He was educated at Winchester, is at present a Governor of Bryanston, and has been connected for a number of years with Dartington Hall, which has a co-educational boarding school among its various enterprises. He has also served on a County Educational Committee.

Please reserve your copies *now* to be sure of obtaining these next two issues. Copies can be ordered (price 2s. 10d. each, postage included) from The Publisher, *The Sphere*, 13/15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

At Peshawar, during the sixteen-day tour of Pakistan, the Queen watches a display of Khattak dancing. On the right is the Governor of West Pakistan, Malik Amir Mohammad Khan. Peshawar is the capital of the old North-West Frontier Province

The Royal Tour

ON THE FRONTIER

Left: The Queen and the Governor of West Pakistan lead the way during the visit to the Khyber Pass. On guard by the frontier post is an Afghan soldier

Below: At Mardan, near Malakand, her Majesty receives a bouquet from Shamim Jabbar, the eight-year-old daughter of the Colonel of the Punjab Regiment

Clergy outside St. John's Church, Peshawar, welcome the Queen as she arrives to attend morning service

En route to the Khyber Pass, the Queen stops at Jamrud for a reception by the tribal maliks. She is looking at the sheep (covered with gaily-printed scarves) which had been brought to her as the customary gift. After touching each of the sheep in turn they were returned to the chiefs and subsequently led away for the preparation of a feast

At the Khyber frontier the Queen stands with the Governor of West Pakistan and Brigadier Rakhmangul, Commander of the Pakistani frontier forces. **Right:** The Queen talks with the Wali of Swat as he presents his Ministers of State following the Royal arrival at the Palace of Saidu Sharif, in Swat

JOHN CONNELL

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

While we in Britain are in a mood of almost unparalleled and utterly unjustified smugness and self-satisfaction, the American people are living in a very different mental and emotional atmosphere, heavy with reappraisal and self-criticism. They are discovering and pondering inadequacies in themselves—not least in knowledge of the world they live in, which, by reason of their power and their wealth, they must lead. Their responsibility awes them, their ignorance alarms them. This new humility is an admirable and hopeful phenomenon, for it is the beginning of wisdom. But it does mean that the gaps have to be filled in a hurry.

One notable gap is that of Latin America. North Americans—and this, I fear, is as true of Canadians as of citizens of the United States—are astonishingly, or until lately were astonishingly, ignorant of the vast and complex problems of the peoples of this great area stretching to the south of them. There is a certain amount of folk-lore about Mexico and the Caribbean which has penetrated into general North American culture; there is an increasing number of tourists. The State Department has a group of industrious and conscientious experts; and in the universities there is a strengthening emphasis on the importance of Latin American studies. But the average politician, bureaucrat or journalist—the kind of man who has decided and informed views on South-East Asia, and can rattle off a discourse on the problems of the Middle-East—what does he know of Latin America? Dauntingly little.

It has been observed, a trifle caustically (and not, in the first instance, by me), that for the United States the history of Cuba began on January 1, 1959, when Fidel Castro triumphed. I am sure that Sir Winston Churchill, whose first experience of shots fired in anger was in the Spanish-American war in Cuba, would disagree with this assertion. But it is perfectly true that when the Cuban Revolution began, there was not a single professor in any North American university who had specialised in Cuban affairs. Was there in the United Kingdom, and did we deplore the fact if there wasn't ? There was quite a fuss made about the reports of our man in Havana; we have therefore no reason to be sniffy about the Americans' ignorance. But the United States, after all, was in a special relationship to Cuba.

A rally of militiamen in Havana, Cuba

This in itself was only an extension of the special relationship which, over many generations, it was believed that the United States had established with Latin America. It was the United States' area, its undisputed sphere of influence. There were the title-deeds, in the Monroe Doctrine, re-affirmed every now and again when successive Presidents made eloquent speeches about the Good Neighbour policy. It was an area for profitable long-term investment, it conveniently contained enough allegedly independent States to muster a block of twenty reliable votes in the U.N. Assembly, and it was taken for granted. If the whole relationship bore a sharp likeness to that between a rich patron and a poor client, well, the client wasn't kicking, was he? He was only too grateful for the material consequences of patronage, and held out his sombrero, upturned, for more.

This particular set of illusions took a harsh caning when Vice-President Nixon made his infelicitous tour of South America. And for the past two years Fidel Castro has given American *amour propre* shock after shock, to which American officialdom and public opinion have not always reacted wisely or calmly. Castro, however, has done to the United States what Mossadeq and Nasser did to us in the early '50's. The difference between our response and the American response is this: we have hastened to divest ourselves of a responsibility and an authority which, on the whole, we had borne pretty well, and we are seeking to forget our former greatness in an orgy of shallow complacency; the Americans, who evaded responsibility and authority because they were " imperialist " attributes, are now seeking seriously to gird themselves for a task which they never consciously sought.

The Cuban Revolution, they have had to discover, was by no means an isolated episode. Latin America seethes and bubbles with potential Castros. All the disturbing factors with which we have grown so familiar in the Middle East and in Asia are present in Latin America: a basic agricultural, unindustrialised economy; an immensely rich, numerically small, ruling and land-owning class; a mass of peasantry living far below the margin of subsistence, and increasing rapidly in numbers; fierce and supremely sensitive national pride; corrupt and cruel dictatorships; and a growing middle class, frustrated, discontented and volatile, to provide the creators and leaders of revolution. Because the masses of their people are " have-nots," the Latin American nations to-day rank among the " have-nots."

They are fortunate in one respect: well over a century ago they passed through the phase of " liberating " themselves from external political control. They do not now have again to go through that painful, tragi-comical process. To return to the Egyptian analogy: they have long since said good-bye to their Cromer or their George Lloyd; they are coming to the end of their Fuad/Farouk/Nahas Pasha phase; they are ripe for their Nassers. Fidel Castro is the forerunner of many such. What can the United States do if it is to prevent the catastrophic breach which followed Castro's emergence from being repeated again and again ?

Herbert L. Matthews, one of the most distinguished of that brilliant corps of journalists which year after year the *New York Times* sends overseas, has put it thus: " The Latin American masses are demanding social justice with an insistence that makes the pressure for a better standard of living and a fairer distribution of wealth the central feature of the Latin American scene to-day. There is what President Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia, one of the wisest and most liberal statesmen in Latin America, calls ' a rebellion against poverty.' Put in its simplest form, the cold war in Latin America is a struggle of the two different systems to satisfy the demand for social justice or to provide the hope of satisfying it."

It has been a sobering shock to realise that the cold war is in full operation in Latin America. The manner in which it is being conducted on the Communist side is not unlike the manner in which large-scale Communist penetration has been effected in Africa and Asia. It has no strong ideological basis. Castro himself is not a Marxist. It is likely that his imitators and successors elsewhere will be cut on a similar pattern. They will be nationalist, socialist revolutionaries, middle-class in origin, and on their countries' external relations glib in their talk of " neutralism," but somehow contriving to direct a steady and venomously hostile stream of propaganda against " Yankee imperialism." There will be large and growing Soviet and Chinese missions in their capital cities; the Russians in particular will be " correct " and withdrawn from social and personal contacts outside the current dictator's circle of colleagues.

But the Communists' principal weapon will be the material success of their own revolutionary efforts. " Look," they will say, " look at what we have accomplished in forty years. We began with an unindustrialised, agrarian economy, just as ' backward,' just as ' underdeveloped ' as yours. Our peasants were just as bogged down in disease, poverty and ignorance as yours are. We have industrialised our society to the point of economic ' take-off '—to television, mass-motoring, a high rate of production of consumer goods, not to mention a sputnik or two—by our revolutionary socialist methods. Capitalism, free enterprise, Yankee exploitation—corrupt, effete, moribund. Take our road, comrades, you can't lose."

The United States is thus faced with the dilemma which brought us to disaster in the Middle East. The Americans, like ourselves, desire to assist the material progress of their poorer neighbours, but not by revolutionary methods. This means that they have to work with and through the present ruling classes—as we tried to do in Egypt, Iraq and other Arab countries. When I was young I used to rage against our Foreign Office and military mandarins in the Middle East, who would not let us meet and know our contemporaries—the embryo Nassers and Kassems—and restricted British contacts to the pashas, the ruling classes. I wonder now: would those contacts have averted our ruin ? Will young United States diplomatists, business men and professional men be able, now, in South America, to avert serious discomfiture and defeat by knowledge of, and friendship with, the new men ? I wonder indeed.

SNOW-BOUND NEW YORK

After the worst snowstorm since the record storm of December 26, 1947, the streets of New York were banned to private vehicles for much of last week. In twenty-eight hours there had been a fall of over 17 ins. The Mayor, Mr. Robert Wagner, declared an emergency and ordered the police to permit only essential and public service vehicles on the streets. For a time the main railroads and airports were out of action. Some enterprising citizens took to skis to get about the city. When taxis and buses were allowed back, but not cars, drivers commented on the speed at which they could travel. Nearly 14,000 men were employed in the snow-clearing operations in the efforts to clear the streets littered with abandoned vehicles.

Vehicles marooned after the snowstorm in New York: **left:** near Third Avenue, **right:** on Broadway, and **below:** on a highway in the metropolitan area

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

A NATION OF HYPOCHONDRIACS. The nation's health is all important; so is the national character for self-reliance and responsibility. In the last few years the Health Service's costs to the taxpayer have soared higher and higher, as demands made upon it by nationals and aliens, mostly capable of keeping themselves in good health or given benefits without contributions, have burned the money needed for new hospitals and the really sick. And self-reliance and responsibility in the nation continue to decline. If parents prevented their children from sucking sweets all day long, there would not be the big demand for teenage dentures; if they spent less on TV and gadgets and more of their incomes on decent food and healthy pursuits, the British would be a healthier race and not a nation of hypochondriacs, obsessed with the need for constant drugs and doses for trivial malaise, or determined to benefit by a " bottle club " to which they subscribe. The constant rise in the cost of new drugs would be checked if the demand for them were restricted to serious cases and not allowed for hangovers. It seems to me sheer impudence on the part of the Opposition, or a desperate remedy, to find a point for opposing the Government, to cry shame on Mr. Powell's proposals *en bloc*, though there is a fair case for criticising them in detail and suggesting more equitable economies. Some control on the demands now made on the Service is obviously essential. The cost this year will be not far short of £700,000,000. The fullest economies suggested by Mr. Powell will only reduce it by 10 per cent., or one year's increase. There may be more effective ways of checking national hypochondria in detail; the need to keep down the cost of " free-for-all dosing " is unarguable. From what source, if Labour were in power, would Mr. Gaitskell find the money to subsidise that large part of the Health Service which is evidence of an unwarranted nervousness about health and not of ill-health? The Health Service was designed to ensure that all in real need of medical attention could receive the best available and immediately, and that check-ups and diagnoses should be used to arrest or prevent disease. It was not designed to postpone that help by building up queues of inherently healthy people fussing about their health (which it is their duty to preserve by sensible living) or determined to get a " bottle " from the doctor on easy terms.

In his studio in London, Mr. David McFall works on the clay model for the memorial statue of Lord Balfour, Prime Minister 1902-05, which is to stand in the Private Members' Lobby of the House of Commons. After the statue has been given official approval, the sculptor will begin the final stage of carving the figure in limestone

A team of craftsmen rebuild a section of dry-stone walling using the materials from the original walls moved during the widening of the A.40 at Shipton Oliffe, near Andoversford, in Gloucestershire. Wherever possible dry-stone walling, taken down during road operations, is replaced to preserve this traditional aspect of the Cotswold countryside

MR. KENNEDY IS STAGGERED. The new President's State of the Union message and his later statements were certainly not soft-soap for the Americans nor a bouquet of roses for the free nations. I commend it to our own Premier and other State leaders. I have long felt that the times are again black enough to justify less talk about having it good and to re-read some of Churchill's addresses to the nation in the dark days of 1940. I don't say that " facing the facts," when facts are black, is necessarily " leadership." The facts must not only be faced but actively and courageously dealt with before a man can win praise for leadership; as Churchill did. The State of the Union may be dark and anxious. The state of our own country seems to me to-day to cry out for more plain-speaking than we are used to getting from our Government. Polite warnings, mixed with optimistic assurances that all will be well if we pull together and put our backs into it, are not enough. For if our nation does not to-day need a jolt and a resolute boot behind it, I am all at sea and a pessimist indeed. What is the state of our nation? Compare it with what it was officially said to be less than a year ago, and it certainly looks very much less pretty. In every field of endeavour, in discipline and many matters instantly or more remotely and obliquely vital to our national welfare, decline and even rottenness are visible. The affluent society which is our boast is beginning to spoil us, to sap our vitality, to weaken our sense of responsibility, to make us more difficult to guide and control even if leadership

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The new R.A.F. church, St. Chad's, on the R.A.F. Station at Stafford. **Right:** The Bishop of Lichfield, the Rt. Rev. A. S. Reeve (right), lays his hand on the font during the dedication service of St. Chad's. It is the first permanent church building to be erected on an R.A.F. station in Britain since the end of the war

were offered. We should recognise it, not as a pride but as a danger, and give up nursing hopes that our equilibrium can be re-established without a very sharp jolt which only a far-sighted, courageous leader can give. Such men are needed to-day and they are rare birds.

ALEXANDER OF TUNIS JOINS IN. One of the horrors of war not always appreciated is the war of words which follows the military operations and invariably lasts longer. Very soon after the weapons of war are laid aside, *cedant arma togae*. The " frocks " and the brass hats rush into the field and lay about one another, pointing out how much more satisfactorily the fighting war would have ended if only their advice had been taken and if only some of their colleagues had been less ham-handed. And in this second war—the war to defend war (if properly waged)—there is great competition to be early in the field, for in time the public grows bored with war memoirs. Monty has taken a very full share in this war of words, and no doubt he spouts too much. But a majority of the other leading generals have joined in, and now the last (?) of them, the silent Alexander, has been persuaded to leave his tent and come into the open. Whether the pen is mightier than the sword is not made more clear by all this spate of self-justification. Soldier-authors like Napier or Horrocks are rare; though many generals can achieve the prose of action. When they turn to theory or politics, most of them need the practice and experience which professional writers acquire over years of hard work. But, for all his output of words, Monty delivers a good deal of plain common sense if his nostrums are over-simplified and if his arguments and criticisms are sometimes weakened by his determination not to offend. Everyone of his geese ends up a swan—" the best fellow out." He has taken " leadership " as his main theme, and there is a lot to be said for leadership to-day. He has no doubt at all that this gift was not withheld from him. But I rather hope that when Alexander has crossed the t's and dotted the i's, this *second* Second World War will end in a permanent truce. Then we could clear the decks for tidying up the *first* Second World War.

" ISIS " CRISIS. An *Isis* article, criticising some Oxford lecturers, was last week banned by the Proctors. When I was an undergraduate, it was my duty and pleasure to attend lectures on Homer given by the famous Trinity Bursar, R. W. Raper. He had delivered them for so many years that perhaps he felt the need of enlivening them with glosses. I recall one famous one: " ' *Rhododactulos eos*,' gentlemen. Perhaps we might loosely render it ' The Pink 'un.' " It always got its laugh, hoary as it became. If I had gone away and written a sharp criticism of the lecturer's frivolity for *Isis*, would the Proctors have clamped down on publication and haled me before the Judgment Seat? Would old Bob Raper have deleted my name from his tea-party list? I doubt it. I fancy we were *all* more frivolous in 1905, old and young, and took university life rather more as a civilising than as an educating stage, rather as a whetstone to round off our angularities than to sharpen our wits. Still we did acquire some knowledge, and " reading without tears " is not the worst road to education. I won't convict the modern undergraduate, off-hand, of being either a humourless prig or undisciplined. I am myself a journalist, and I sympathise with other scribblers who are often hard put to it to invent new features to keep their readers sweet, and sometimes descend to stunts.

I am more inclined to convict the university authorities of pomposity and lack of the senses of humour and proportion. I think they had been better advised to follow Lord Melbourne's suggestion: " Why not let it alone? " Journalistic stunts are not long-lived and are soon forgotten; and most speakers and authors would rather be noticed even unfavourably than receive no notice at all.

" STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN." There are many jobs which the British in their affluent society disdain to do. We don't enjoy " the rough " any longer. Hence the great influx from the West Indies and elsewhere of men who are prepared to do " the rough " for us. On the long-term view, it would probably be best for us if we swallowed our pride and tackled such jobs ourselves. But there are some jobs (and not so rough either) for which some squeamishness seems justifiable. Many of us, otherwise active, would hate to be employed sniffing for bad smells or pussy-footing for evidence of immoral conduct. These jobs must be done, of course, since in a civilised and law-abiding country (such as we like to think our country is) " decency forbids," and certain standards must be maintained. Our sympathy therefore must go out to those who perform these duties, even while we shrink from them ourselves. Long ago, a famous Music Hall comedian set the crown of contempt and of ridicule on the private pussy-foot in black garments, with umbrella, " who stopped and who looked and who listened " to detect such breaches of decorum in Lovers' Lane, and so forth. But, as I say, these jobs must be done, however unpleasant and corroding of the soul. But rather you than me; and when these pussy-foots are clothed in brief authority, it is not for us to do more than sympathise with them in their sorry assignment. Father knows best.

THE RATE FOR THE JOB. I confess I am staggered constantly by the " rates for the job " claimed as overdue and " only reasonable " by the head men in various professions, and when one such suddenly demands that his salary of £2,700 should " in bare justice " be raised at once to £4,100, the whole vicious circle of inflation, taxation and super-taxation, as at present applied, is made to appear the more ridiculous. The claimant probably works it out that, statistically, when he demands another £2,000 a year, he is, in fact, hoping to benefit by no more than £500 a year. The police are important, the crime wave is proving beyond their powers to check. Great increases have been conceded in the pay of their junior ranks. Now it is the turn of the chiefs, and some of them are asking for more than a £2,000 per annum increase. On the face of it, it looks a pretty wide mouth-opening, though, of course, salaries of £5,000 to £7,000 a year have long been " chicken-feed " in senior management in industry. What are they but the equivalent of £1,500 a year or so in the good (or bad) old days? All the same, whether you earn £1,000 a year or £10,000 a year, the cost of your necessities is reflected in the fall in the value of money, and sometimes I feel a sneaking sympathy with those whose professions are not regarded as nationally important and whose claims for more pay are neither voiced nor conceded. Mr. Bloodsucker no doubt is more interested in the five-figure men, but he does not totally neglect the man who drives on on his pre-war pay-packet, and is not by any means a *rara avis*. Until our monstrous system of taxation is revised and the cost of living is genuinely pegged and determined (which it is not), we can never expect any accepted estimate of the fair rate for this job or that.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Filming on location in Italy

The small medieval town of Assisi stands on a spur of Monte Subasio, looking out over the Umbrian Plain. Many of its buildings, churches and narrow twisting alleyways date from the times of St. Francis, the town's most famous son. His short life spanned the last years of the twelfth century, and the beginning of the thirteenth. The film, *Francis of Assisi*, has been made on location in Assisi and nearby Perugia. Directed by Michael Curtiz and to be released in Britain by Twentieth Century-Fox in the late spring, the picture has been shot in CinemaScope and colour. It portrays the life of Francis, from his gay youth. During a campaign in Sicily, Francis first turned towards his religious vocation. He returned to Assisi, where he took a vow of extreme poverty and spent his days administering to the poor and the lepers. With the approval of the Pope he started a new religious order. Among the converts was the daughter of one of Assisi's aristocratic families, Clara, who became the foundress of the Franciscan nuns. In the course of his life St. Francis went to Egypt, where the Crusaders were besieging Damietta, and preached to the Sultan. Best remembered to-day for his love of animals and birds, St. Francis was one of the most remarkable and influential of Italy's mystics.

Bradford Dillman, playing St. Francis, shows the director, Michael Curtiz, how he proposes to lead the oxen

On location in Assisi—the funeral procession of St. Francis winds through the streets of the town

Brother Vincent Theodosio, a Franciscan monk in Assisi, holds up the clapper board at the start of a scene. He once had close ties with the cinema industry, as an assistant camera operator in France in the '30's

Dolores Hart as Clara, foundress of the Franciscan nuns

Left: St. Francis (Bradford Dillman) speaks to a white dove

The scene as the followers of St. Francis wait outside the Palace in Rome while St. Francis enters to be received by the Pope. The building used for the sequence is the twelfth-century cathedral at Assisi

Left: A small Italian boy is rehearsed for his part in a scene with Bradford Dillman

Below: Stuart Whitman plays Paolo, a young nobleman and the friend of St. Francis in his youth

Arc lights blaze down on a rehearsal scene in a courtyard in Assisi

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Macmillan is planning to finish his series of Commonwealth visits in the course of this year. It was recently announced from Admiralty House, the Prime Minister's temporary residence while Downing Street is being reconstructed, that he and Lady Macmillan will visit the West Indies during the Easter Parliamentary Recess. They will arrive in Trinidad on March 24 and end their tour in Jamaica on April 3. (From the West Indies Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy will go to Washington at the invitation of President Kennedy.) In the autumn the Prime Minister hopes to be able to take up the invitation to the Federation of Malaya which was extended to him some time ago.

On his first Commonwealth tour at the beginning of 1958 Mr. Macmillan visited Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan and Ceylon and made a brief stop in Singapore. Altogether he flew over 32,000 miles. A year ago he went to Ghana, Nigeria, the Rhodesia-Nyasaland Federation, South Africa and the British High Commission Territories.

Mr. Bernard Braine has been appointed Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Commonwealth Relations Office. The appointment has been made because of the departure from the C.R.O. next month of Lord Alport, Minister of State, to be High Commissioner to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Mr. Braine, who is aged forty-six, became a junior Minister six months ago as Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Pensions. Since he entered the House in 1950 he has always shown a keen interest in Commonwealth affairs. The other joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the C.R.O. is the Duke of Devonshire. It is understood no new Minister of State will be appointed.

CANADA

The President of the Canadian Construction Association said recently that the construction industry of Canada hoped to maintain its $7,000,000,000 (£2,500,000,000) a year programme in 1961. While the industry does not expect a record year such as it had in 1958, the volume of work in 1961 will probably equal that of 1960, giving direct employment to an average work force of some 580,000 Canadians, as well as the thousands more in related industries. As such, construction will retain its position as Canada's largest single industry.

The increase in the physical volume of construction has been one of the main bulwarks of Canada's post-war development mounting steadily each year until 1958, when it amounted to more than 20 per cent. of Canada's gross national product.

Canada's Finance Minister recently announced that the Canadian Government has decided that it was appropriate at this time—during a period of less intense economic activity—to provide additional incentives for urban renewal, slum clearance, sewage disposal, hospital construction and the construction of student residences in Canadian universities, as well as more generous provisions for housing. These measures are expected to exercise an early and favourable influence on employment in the construction and building material industries.

Included in this construction since the end of the Second World War were 1,250,000 homes. The work force engaged in house building employs about one-quarter to one-third of the total work force of the construction industry. A total of 124,000 new homes were built in 1960, and the new amendments to the National Housing Act are expected to stimulate a larger housing programme in both home ownership and rental sectors. The industry also expects an increase in the amount of urban renewal projects as inferior housing is replaced.

It is interesting to note that Canada has one of the highest proportions of home ownership of any country in the world with about 65 per cent. of existing dwellings occupied by their owners. This trend dates back to the time when Canada was predominantly agricultural and a high proportion of home ownership and single dwellings was to be expected, as Canada, at least within the last 100 years, has never been a tenant-farmer country. To-day the trend continues, but for different reasons. With over three-fifths of all Canadian families owning automobiles, which provides ready access to the outskirts of cities, Canadian families are able to live at some distance from their work. In addition, there is the fact that rents in many Canadian cities amount to a very high proportion of income.

Large-scale lower rental public housing developments, similar to those in the United States, United Kingdom and European countries are not common in Canada. Of those which do exist, almost all have been built since the end of the war. This is partly because of the preoccupation of Canadian cities and towns with the problems of growth, and partly because of the difficulties of financing such schemes in earlier years. The Federal Government provides financial assistance for the building of lower rental public housing projects and Federally-assisted public housing schemes have either been completed or are being completed in thirty-five municipalities.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor, is greeted by Mr. G. de Soyza the High Commissioner and Mrs. de Soyza at their Ceylon Independence Day reception in London

MALAYA

A national monument to commemorate the ending of the emergency and the triumph of freedom and democracy in the Federation of Malaya is to be built on a commanding site in the Lake Gardens, Kuala Lumpur. The monument—a sculpture in bronze 40 ft. high, standing on a base of Langkawi marble 10 ft. high and 50 ft. square—will be erected on a hill-top overlooking the Memorial Garden, the site of which was dedicated by the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, at the beginning of August last year.

The creation and execution of this great work, which it is estimated will take two years to complete, will be carried out by the American sculptor, Mr. Felix de Weldon, the designer of the famous Iwojima Memorial near the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington. The complete work, including clearing and preparation of the site, is estimated to cost $840,000, (about £100,000). The Federation Government has approved the sum of $200,000 towards the cost of the National Monument, and the Prime Minister hopes to raise the balance through public subscription.

"This monument," said the Prime Minister, "will be a symbol of the eternal gratitude of the people of Malaya for the devotion and patriotism of all those brave men and women who suffered and died in the twelve long years of the emergency. It will be an inspiration to generations of Malayans and a noble expression of the pride and loyalty they have for Malaya."

A contract for the monument has been signed in Washington between Mr. de Weldon and the Malayan Ambassador to the United States, Dato Nik Kamil. A model in miniature will be sent to Kuala Lumpur in the near future for public display. When the Prime Minister was in the United States in November last year, he was greatly impressed by the Iwojima Memorial, and discussed with Mr. de Weldon the possibility of his designing and executing an equally striking monument for the Federation of Malaya. Mr. de Weldon submitted preliminary sketches to the Prime Minister in New York and later in London. On his return to Kuala Lumpur, the Prime Minister personally supervised photography by three cameramen of selected members from the Security Forces in a tableau to ensure correctness in all details.

Around the 10-ft.-high marble base there will be bronze plaques in the form of wreaths, enclosing the names of all the units of the Malayan Armed Forces, the Royal Federation of Malaya Police, the forces of the Commonwealth and the Home Guards. The group of statuary depicts men of the Malayan Forces in vigorous action with the Federation Flag waving overhead. Each figure in the group will be two-and-a-quarter

WEALTH

Further tours for Mr. Macmillan; housing and homes in Canada; Malaya's monument to Liberty; Lord Attlee surveys the Commonwealth

Two guests at the Ceylon Reception—Miss Tennekoon (left) and Mrs. Lyndon Smith

Mr. and Mrs. de Soyza welcome Lord Attlee. He was Prime Minister when Ceylon achieved independence under the Act of February 1948

Mr. Butler and Mr. Brian Harrison, the only Australian M.P. in the Commons, at an Australian reception in London

Mr. Laking, Acting New Zealand High Commissioner, and his wife arrive for the New Zealand Day Service in London

times life-size. The total weight of the group will be 14½ tons. It will be executed in plaster in Washington and shipped to Italy for casting in bronze.

Mr. de Weldon describes his design as one which "will achieve accuracy and realism in re-creating the epic of an heroic struggle over twelve years."

He describes the composition of the Monument as follows:—

The topmost figure of a man will show leadership as he holds the flag which is the symbol of unity and strength as well as the ideals of the Federation of Malaya. On each side of this figure are two powerful men of the Security Forces ready to fight for those ideals and they have won a victory against great odds. In the centre front a man is aiding and giving comfort to a wounded soldier whose facial expression portrays his suffering. This symbolises the sacrifices made throughout the ranks of the fighting men for the maintenance of peace and freedom. On the ground are the defeated forces of evil, vanquished and dead.

After their wedding in Johore Bahru, Tengku Abdul Rahman, nephew of the Sultan of Johore, and his English bride, Miss Jacqueline Pallet, stand with her parents. The couple first met in Devonshire five years ago when the Tengku was at Exeter University

Book Review

EMPIRE INTO COMMONWEALTH

The changes in the conception and structure of the British Empire during the last half-century were the theme of the Chichele Lectures delivered at Oxford University by one of her most famous sons, Lord Attlee, in May last year. They have now been published in book form under the title of EMPIRE INTO COMMONWEALTH by the Oxford University Press. (In the U.K. the price is 7s. 6d.) The process of transformation into an association of free and equal States has taken place during the life of the former Prime Minister. He claims with characteristic modesty, he has "taken some share in bringing it about."

Lord Attlee's starting point is Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. As a schoolboy he saw the splendid procession in London. It was "a memorable day. It marked the highest point of imperialism." Like most British boys of the time, young Attlee was a proud imperialist. In 1897 Canada was the only fully self-governing Dominion but in the first decade of the Twentieth Century Australia, New Zealand and South Africa also achieved independence. The term "British Commonwealth" was current by 1926 and in 1931 the relations between the independent members were regulated by the Statute of Westminster, in which Mr. Attlee, M.P., had a hand.

By that time he had already obtained first-hand knowledge of India, as a member of the Simon Commission in 1927. Lord Attlee's survey of the story of India is naturally of especial interest since he was the man who took the decision to hand over power in 1947. He also examines the evolution to Independence of Ceylon, Malaya, Ghana and Nigeria and looks ahead to others who will soon become independent.

In discussing the structure of the Commonwealth to-day, Lord Attlee remarks that it has no constitution and no rules. This makes the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference all the more important and he relates his own personal experience of these informal meetings. Among links which bind the Commonwealth he finds respect for the Rule of Law and in some measure a common culture.

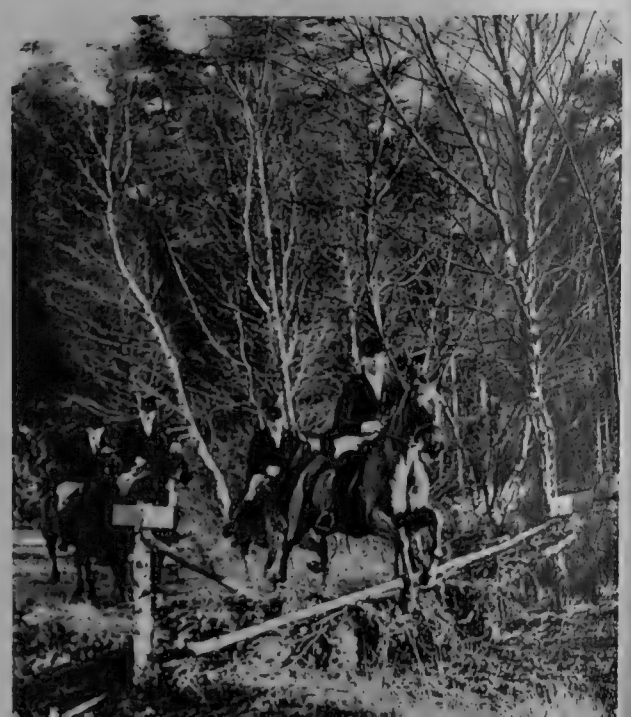
Finally, Lord Attlee mentions a "rather curious" link— cricket, which is played enthusiastically in Commonwealth countries, but scarcely anywhere else. Perhaps this point, he says, serves to emphasise the very peculiar character of the Commonwealth. "Perhaps it also illustrates the difficulty to the foreigner of understanding its nature."

Detachments of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, are seen firing the Royal Salute of forty-one guns in Hyde Park on the ninth anniversary of the accession of the Queen on Monday of last week, February 6. The R.H.A. was formed in 1793 to provide artillery which could keep pace with the Cavalry and give them fire support. It consists to-day of the King's Troop and three mechanised Regiments

GUNS AND HORSES

The bronze group of Queen Boadicea in her chariot is floodlit on the Thames Embankment in London, close to Westminster Bridge and the Houses of Parliament. The illumination was to mark the nineteenth centenary of the British Queen's rout of the Roman army at Verulamium. The group was unveiled in 1902

Members of the Staff College Drag take a stirrup-cup at a meet at Milney Manor, near Camberley, in Surrey. The draghounds are a private pack established in 1869 and maintained by the officers of the Staff College at Camberley. The Drag Lines are held in the area of Wokingham, Eversley and Holyport



Right: Riders in the Camberley Drag take a fence during the hunt from Milney Manor

The entrance to St. John's Wood Barracks in London. Below the flag is the "Show Gun," which carried the body of King George VI at his funeral

"RIGHT OF THE LINE"

The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and St. John's Wood Barracks in London

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

Cleaning some of the guns used by the Troop for firing Royal Salutes

When on parade with its guns the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, has the Right of the Line. That is to say, it marches at the head of the British Army. It is a unique privilege for a unique unit, for the officers and men of the Troop are the only remaining horse gunners in the Army. They are engaged solely on ceremonial duties, such as the firing of Royal Salutes in Hyde Park and, indeed, they can be said to be part of the pageantry of Britain.

The Troop is stationed in London in St. John's Wood Barracks which have a history of nearly 150 years. It is something of a surprise to come upon a military establishment tucked away in this residential district—the Barracks do not occupy a great deal of ground—but there have been soldiers there since before the area was developed for housing.

In 1804 a detachment of Royal Artillery drivers was quartered in a farm close to the site of the present Barracks. Eight years later Barracks were built for a Brigade of Guns on about three-quarters of the area occupied to-day. A reminder that the Board of Ordnance was responsible for the building is to be seen in the two crests which still flank the main entrance and proclaim: "Riding House Department of His Majesty's Ordnance."

The Riding House, now known as the Riding School, was added in 1825, but before that the Barracks passed through a curious chapter of history. The Gunners had moved out in 1819 and the buildings were left empty. For three years the Board of Ordnance tried to get rid of them. Then, fortunately, they changed their minds and decided on renovation to accommodate the Cavalry Riding Establishment. This was the reason for the Riding House. The cavalry stayed until 1832, when they were replaced by infantry. In 1834 plans were made to move the Foot Guards' Recruits Depot to St. John's Wood. The old Barracks were to be demolished and new ones erected in their place. One of the advantages in sending the recruits there was that the Riding School would provide cover for drill on wet days. One suspects a sergeant-major was the first to point this out.

After the demolitions only a very small section of the old buildings remained. The new Barracks were opened in 1835, and, with numerous alterations and additions, still stand. The Recruits Depot did not stay there long, but various infantry battalions were in occupation until 1876. The Grenadier Guards seem to have been the most frequent residents. Cavalry returned for the next phase of the Barracks' history, and the wooden stables were built for them. They were intended merely as temporary accommodation, but have continued to serve their purpose until to-day. Finally the Royal Horse Artillery took over in 1880 and have been there ever since, except for the two World Wars, when an officer cadet school, in the First, and the Royal Signals, in the Second, were in possession. The first occupants were A Battery A Brigade, and in the ensuing years most R.H.A. batteries were to have their turn in St. John's Wood.

The evolution of the King's Troop, which has been there since 1946, was forced by the military developments of the

(*Continued on following pages*)

Instruction in progress in the Riding School at St. John's Wood Barracks. Originally known as the Riding House, it was built in 1825 for the Cavalry Riding Establishment

"RIGHT OF THE LINE"

(*Continued from previous page*)

mid-twentieth century. Until the last war, whichever R.H.A. battery was stationed at St. John's Wood undertook the ceremonial duties. At the end of the hostilities it was clear that the mechanisation of horsed units had made this impracticable. King George VI therefore decreed that a horse-drawn troop of Royal Horse Artillery was to be formed and ceremonial roles should devolve entirely on it. At the King's express wish it was named the King's Troop. After his death the Queen decided the title should not be changed.

Thus came about the establishment of this unique unit, stationed always in the same barracks. From St. John's Wood the Troop rides out in full-dress uniform to fire Salutes for such occasions as the Opening of Parliament, Royal birthdays and for State Visits. It provides the guns to fire the signals for the Two Minutes' Silence on Remembrance Sunday and the gun carriage and team of black horses for State and Military funerals. One of the Troop's most popular annual appearances is in the Musical Drive each year at the Royal Tournament in London. Outside the capital it can usually be seen during the summer at three or four agricultural shows. To have the King's Troop on the programme is a certain draw for the crowds.

The Troop is not large in numbers, about 200 all told. Officers and men are an extremely exclusive body. Officers are chosen from the three Regiments

Polishing harness in the Top Harness Room

The wooden stables were put up as a temporary building in 1876. They are soon to be pulled down and replaced by up-to-date stables

of the R.H.A., which are mechanised, or from the Royal Regiment of Artillery. They normally serve three years with the Troop. All the officers are, of course, keen horsemen. Soldiers can apply from other regiments, but by no means all applicants are accepted. Some men are taken direct from civilian life.

Soldiers can join either to work with horses or to be " staff employed," as, for example, a tailor, saddler, farrier, clerk or batman. Their length of service with the Troop depends on a variety of conditions. It is desirable but not essential for those who work with horses to have some knowledge of the animals before joining. All are given riding instruction. A man may go on to be trained as a driver or detachment number, or he may become a limber gunner or stableman. The chief qualifications are readiness to learn and willingness to work long hours. A horse is not a mechanical vehicle. He cannot be put in a shed and left for a week-end. Every day starts early at St. John's Wood and may end late.

Each year the programme follows much the same routine of ceremonial and training. The first four months are taken up with preparing for the Musical Drive and Salutes. The next four are the " Show Season." In the last four the stress is on individual riding instruction and remount training. Two periods of three-week leave are given in summer and winter.

It is a hard life, yet for those with a fondness for horses a very rewarding one. All ranks are encouraged to enter in horse shows. Last year eleven soldiers in the Troop carried off sixty-one rosettes between them. No doubt the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, has its grouses. But no one at St. John's Wood can grumble that life is dull. And, surely, it is a proud boast for any man to be able to say he has taken the Right of the Line.

CHARLES DIMONT

Farriers at work in the Forge in the Barracks

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A FORETASTE OF SPRING

So, in a single night,
Fair February came,
Bidding my lips to sing
Or whisper their surprise,
With all the joy of spring
And morning in her eyes.

So sang Francis Brett Young. Not many people, I feel sure, think of February like that. Take this year, for example. We were promised the coldest of cold winters, so cold that we would be boasting about it to our grandchildren. I did not hear the broadcast; perhaps it was an article in some newspaper; if so, I did not read it. But all my friends seem to have done so, and all are agreed about that boast-to-the-grandchildren bit. Well, in the first days of February we did not have anything to boast about.

On the whole, here in the South of England, it has been a pretty mild winter: wet and raw and blustery, but not really cold. We have not had more than a couple of really cold days, and those not cold enough to boast about. But whenever I have pointed this out to one of my more pessimistic friends, the answer has invariably been the same: "Ah, there's still February. I shan't be happy until I've seen the end of that month." Not much of the joy of spring about that. That is the general view: Frosty February, February Fill-Dyke, a month we are glad to see the back of.

There is still time. I write a little in advance of publication, and by the time this appears in print we may well be storing up a few boasts for our grandchildren. English weather is like that. Too unpredictable for the weather-forecasters. All the same, come what may, Francis Brett Young was right. The great gain of February is the increase of light, the promise of spring. Even if very cold, February is never very old when the change in the sky, for which I look each year, occurs in just the usual way. Always the wrack of winter is parted before it is rolled away. A fine soft grey takes the place of the heavy, dirty grey of December and January: something approaching orderliness replaces the chaotic vagueness of the storm-driven clouds of true winter.

What we are witnessing is the opposite process to the thickening of the clouds in the still October skies. Then the thin mackerels thickened and rounded into the form characteristic of the English autumn: now the clouds thin out, stretch into long, fairly even layers, so that the February sky appears rather like the slats of a Venetian blind. Through the slats, the strengthening light of spring is tempered to the fields. October is the month of gathering darkness: February the month of burgeoning light.

This is most noticeable at sunset. October sunsets are magnificent: turbulent, fierce, prodigal of colour in the gathering gloom. February sunsets are usually so fugitive as to be almost non-existent: just a shaft of the sun, and then a lingering orange and pink and green, all muted colours, with the green predominant. Night is coming: but one is conscious not of darkness but of its opposite. Always in February there is light, steadily increasing light (though not necessarily of warmth): and so is the whole of nature. Birds and beasts, flowers and insects, all respond. The tempo of life quickens. It is important to understand that this quickened tempo is due to light and not to warmth.

It may well be cold enough to make us believe that winter is not yet over—a day or two of cold north-easterly wind or of chilling drizzle borne on an east wind. The mildest February usually has one or two (rarely more) brief spells of such weather. But you have only got to go into the nearest hazel-copse to have that notion of winter continuing knocked firmly on the head.

There is a hazel-copse near my home. Every February, sometimes by the fourth, always by the tenth, the purple maze of leafless branch and stem which in winter absorbs the brightest sunshine is hidden beneath a flood of golden-green light. We did not have much sunshine this winter, but a great deal of rain, and yet the hazel-copse by the first week of the month was brightly purple.

So bright a colour that from a distance you might, if you knew nothing about hazels, believe that the trees were in leaf. In fact, the new hazel leaves are still no more than swelling buds. But every bush is laden with full-grown catkins, each dancing in the breeze, each gleaming in the pale sunshine, contributing its store of emerald magic to the whole. The copse looks green from a distance; more golden, perhaps, as you enter it.

As you walk through it you become aware of another colour. Here and there amid the crowding thousands of catkins is a tiny speck of crimson, burning and vital. Now, you may know why the catkins are dancing in the chilly breeze in the pale sunshine. They are drying. They cannot shed their pollen upon those little crimson specks until they are dry. The crimson specks are the female blossoms, and it is they that will bear the nuts which I shall gather when October comes round again.

None of this has anything to do with warmth: it is all a matter of light and wind. A really wet February as opposed to a cold one will mean a poor nut harvest in October, because the male catkins will not have had a chance to dry at the time they should. But more wonderful this year, I think, are the ground flowers. I must admit that I did not expect to see aconite, sweet violet, ivy-leaved speedwell, lesser celandine, coltsfoot, snowdrop or primrose in flower so early this year. We have had months and months of rain, torrents of it, and the ground is waterlogged and very cold: not conditions to encourage plants.

Yet I have already seen all of them. In the very hazel-copse of which I have been speaking there are four largish oaks and each now stands upon a little carpet of gold; a sparser carpet than usual perhaps, but still a carpet. The aconites are in full flower. There is one place in this neighbourhood where I expect to find primroses in flower some weeks before I do anywhere else: I have even found them in January more than once. There are not very many of them and they never seem to increase.

Nor are they quite like ordinary primroses. They do not hide away, squat and furtive, as do the primroses of clearings in copse and wood. Here they shelter, just in the one place, under a bramble brake, and they are bold and upstanding on long stems. This year I was sure that there would be none, for there was water standing there not so long ago. I found two in flower (but squat, with barely any stem at all) on February 3.

The snowdrops in my garden have not produced so much as a leaf and from the look of things they are not going to do so this year. That, if appearance is anything to go by, applies to a good many other things. It is really most depressing: enough to make a man take up an indoor hobby. But then I go for a walk and there, in a copse, are snowdrops in flower—

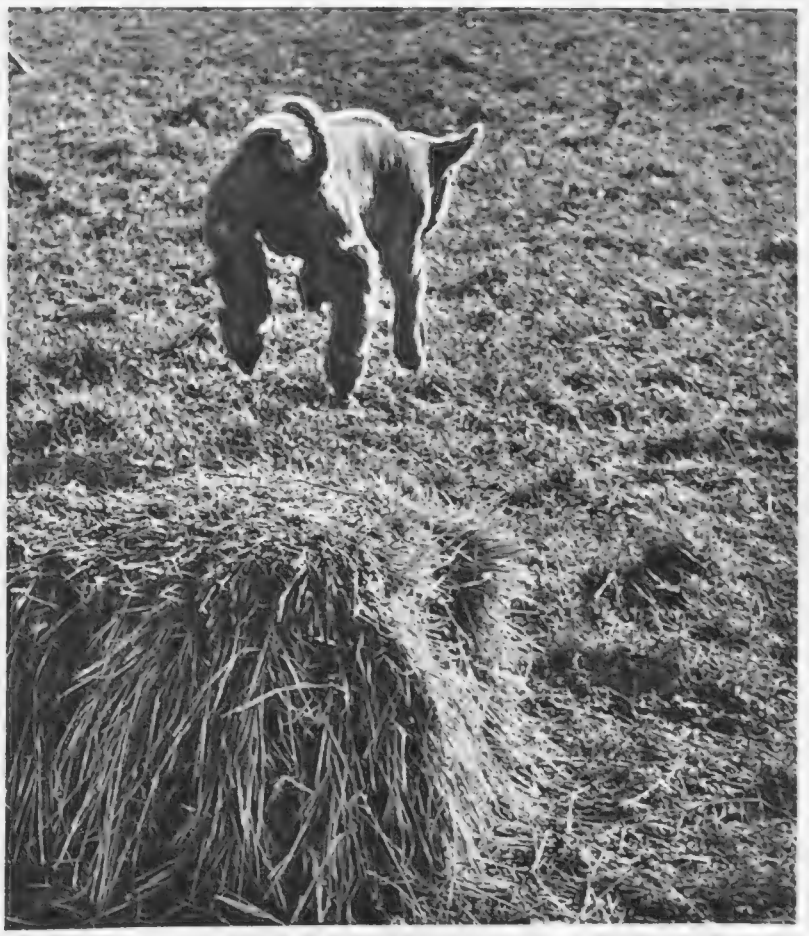
Bidding my lips to sing
Or whisper their surprise.

I shan't give up gardening after all.

Snowdrops in flower near an old pump at Skeets Hill in Kent

A new-born lamb stands on its mother's back and takes one of its first views of a sheep's world. **Below:** the lamb poses again and runs from the camera. The photographs were taken on Park Gate Farm at Chelsfield, in Kent. The farm, overlooking the Cray Valley, has a pedigree herd of Southdown sheep

LAMBING TIME



IMPROVING HYDE PARK CORNER

A plan of the new traffic arrangements at Hyde Park Corner

During the construction of the twin-underpass at Hyde Park Corner, a stretch

During the third stage of the London County Council's £5,500,000 Hyde Park/Marble Arch road scheme, which started on February 6, the major part of the 1,000-ft. twin two-lane underpass at Hyde Park Corner is being constructed. In order to do this, Knightsbridge from Hyde Park Corner to a point 250 yards westwards has been closed and traffic using this stretch of road has been diverted. There are new traffic arrangements, including a roundabout at Constitution Arch and another behind Apsley House and a temporary viaduct in South Carriage Road in the Park. One of the busiest of traffic junctions in London, Hyde Park Corner is no stranger to plans for redevelopment and alteration. From the middle of the eighteenth century onwards, architects put forward schemes of monumental magnitude. All that remains of these plans are Decimus Burton's Screen and his Constitution Arch. The latter was moved from its original position and the statue of Wellington surmounting it was replaced by a bronze Victory.

First reports of the new traffic arrangements at Hyde Park Corner showed that it was coping with the flow of vehicles. The temporary viaduct, which is 946 ft. long, will cost about £24,000, including the cost of its removal when the new scheme comes into operation. A new subway, enabling pedestrians to cross the South Carriage Road, was built by the contractors, Cubitts-Fitzpatrick-Shand, in less than three weeks instead of the usual six months, and work is well advanced on other subways. During the construction of the main underpass special measures are being undertaken to speed the work, and against noise.

Part of the new underpass under construction

Traffic flows on the new roundabout at Constitution Arch, from Piccadilly (on the right) and towards Park La

nightsbridge (right) has been closed. Traffic is diverted into the South Carriage Road (left) in Hyde Park. Westbound traffic can also use the temporary viaduct seen in the background

(in the left background)

Traffic passes over the temporary viaduct. In the opposite direction traffic is moving towards the roundabout behind Apsley House

TRAVEL

FRIENDLY WARMTH OF BERMUDA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Following a spell in hospital, I decided to convalesce in Bermuda. I could not have made a better choice. On this island, one of the oldest British colonies, I basked in the brilliant beauty of its semi-tropical landscape. Even in midwinter I was able to sunbathe on spacious stretches of sandy beaches, taking a dip now and then into warm, clear-blue waters of the ocean, where skin diving among coral reefs is fascinating. Not least, hotel accommodation is most satisfactory.

Leaving London Airport at 00·01 hours by Cunard-Eagle's jet-prop Britannia, I was served an excellent dinner on Royal Doulton chinaware laid on damask table-cloths. Champagne and brandy sent me into a fitful sleep, but just before arriving for a halt at Gander—a quite amazing airport, and bitterly cold outside—an attentive steward provided me with that ideal eye-opener: a glass of iced champagne. In time for breakfast (Bermuda time) I was comfortably lodged in the Castle Harbour Hotel, looking out from my window on a sparkling blue sea. I felt mightily content.

Bermuda is small, only 24 miles long, yet it offers endless pleasures for the visitor. Here, too, you find a way of life that is unhurried and extremely friendly. There are several magnificent golf courses, while you can play tennis or sail in sheltered harbours and island channels. Everywhere there are the brilliant hues of flower-lined roads which add to the unforgettable beauty of the island. It is easy to tour the island in a fringe-topped taxi, limited to a maximum speed of 20 m.p.h., and I found their drivers to be most delightful and intelligent guides. You can also wander around by bicycle or motor-assisted bicycle, hired easily at most reasonable cost.

Hamilton, the capital, is not of outstanding interest, apart from its shopping facilities and the Perot Post Office, the town's first post office. From its harbour front (also its main street) you can take a ferry-steamer to other small ports on the island. At St. George, a former capital, English life began in 1609 when Sir George Somers, in his supply ship bound for the Jamestown colony, was wrecked on the Bermudan reefs, came ashore and claimed the islands for Britain. Bermuda, however, had previously been first discovered by Juan de Bermudez, sailing for Spain.

St. George is a delectable spot in which to meander. Here, in its tiny main square, are the old stocks, a favourite spot for American visitors to be photographed, while around there are quaint stone houses with their lime-washed roofs; the old high-walled gardens that surround them; and a maze of narrow lanes, with such old-world names as Featherbed Alley and Old Maid's Lane. There are several interesting buildings to be seen, including the venerable St. Peter's Church, the oldest Anglican house of worship on that side of the Atlantic. It possesses a fine silver communion service given to the church by King William III in 1684. I wandered happily around, discovering such enchanting buildings as the Town Hall (with its pictures of mayors through the centuries and a delightful odour from the cedar-wood furniture), the Historical Society's House, with many fascinating exhibits. I rested awhile in Somers Garden, an oasis of peace, where the heart of Sir George Somers lies buried.

Other sightseeing on Bermuda can include the Aquarium, which has a fine collection of tropical fish, a drive along the southern beaches, each with its perfect golden sands, and the fascinating Sea Garden Trip to the coral reefs in a glass-bottom boat. Otherwise you can feel free just to laze happily.

Almost the whole of the main island is built-up and apart from the golf courses there is little open land. There is practically no agriculture and almost all the food required has to be imported, hence prices are generally high. Tourists (mostly American and Canadian) provide the main source of the inhabitants' income. The main influx comes during the High Season (from April to September), yet spring-like conditions exist during the winter months, when the island offers special appeal to those Britons seeking the sun. There may be rainy days, an important contribution to the fresh greenness of the countryside.

One of the charms of Bermuda is that you can find almost any type of accommodation you wish, from luxurious hotels with swimming-pools and tennis courts to charming quiet guest-houses with limited numbers of guests. Rooms in private homes are also available. Among the luxury hotels: Castle Harbour, in Tucker's Town, about half-way between the airport and Hamilton, can be recommended, and I liked also the Elbow Beach Surf Club, while in Hamilton there is the ultra-modern Bermudiana. Among the smaller hotels my first choice would be Sherwood Manor, where I enjoyed the largest lobster of my life—it must have measured 18 ins. across. This hotel is beautifully situated, and it provides unique facilities for motor water-ski-ing.

One of Bermuda's most idyllic retreats is the collection of cottages, known as Cambridge Beaches, which are strung out over some thirty-five sea-lapped acres around a 250-year-old mansion house. This spot would certainly be my first recommendation for a honeymoon couple, or for a *dolce far niente* holiday; yet Hamilton can be easily reached by a ferry service. Then, for elderly visitors, Newstead guest-house, with its many lovely antiques and its fine position on Hamilton Harbour, is most attractive. The Fourways Inn, in the same parish, is noted for its good cuisine and friendliness, but it lies a short distance from the sea. Other establishments meriting special mention are The Ledgelets and Palmetto Bay Cottage Colony.

Access to Bermuda is best made by air. Both B.O.A.C. and Cunard-Eagle maintain regular services, the return fare ranging from £130 for Sky-coach to £282 first class. There are Royal Mail Lines cargo ships carrying a few passengers. Among the travel agents offering inclusive tours are Houlder Bros. (53, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3), Thos. Meadows Ltd. (35, Mill Street, E.C.2), Cadogan Travel (159, Sloane Street, S.W.1), and Cook's. Further information regarding Bermuda is obtainable from the Bermuda Travel Information Office (6, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.).

The cottages of Cambridge Beaches, Bermuda, situated between two bays

AIR AND ROAD SERVICES

Two air services which are not very well known, are between Paris and Pau, in the Pyrenees, and between Paris and Brest, in Brittany. Bookings can be made through Air France, although the operating company is known as " Air-Inter."

From June 1 you will be able to fly from Manchester to Paris in 1 hour 20 mins. by jet Caravelle of Air France. Separate first-class accommodation will be available, and the daily flight will immediately connect with another service to Nice. This looks like being very popular among business men in the north.

Another new air service to the Canary Islands is starting on Sunday, March 5, between London, Gibraltar and Las Palmas, operated by British United Airways. The normal tourist return fare, with a validity of twelve months, is £82, but most people will be interested in the excursion tourist fare, with a validity of one month, for £69 13s. From Sunday, April 2, there will be a departure once a week in each direction until the winter. Then it is proposed to increase the frequency to two flights a week.

Road services operated by airlines are a most convenient facility for holidaymakers. There are still far from enough, but public demand has encouraged B.E.A. to extend the Barcelona to Sitges road service as far as Calafell, Torredembarra, and Tarragona. In Portugal also, they are introducing a road service between Portella Airport and Estoril, beginning on April 1. There have been grumbles in the past that charges made are excessive. Therefore it is welcome news that in Spain reductions have been made of up to 25 per cent. For an example, the return fare from Gibraltar to Estepona and Marbella on the Costa del Sol will be £2 14s.—instead of £3 10s.

Anyone who has difficulty in finding suitable hotel accommodation in Majorca, where most hotels are already booked up between June and September, will be happy to hear that a brand-new first-class hotel is opening in March near Marbella, on the Costa del Sol, at San Pedro Alcantara. Each of the fifty bedrooms facing the Mediterranean has a private bathroom. The Hotel Cortijo Blanco, built in typical Andalusian style, should prove very popular. There are an Olympics-size swimming-pool, a private dock for sailing craft and motor-boats, and an ample private sandy beach immediately in front of the hotel. Besides the bedrooms in the main building, Spanish-type villas, taking three to five persons, are also available in the grounds, with hotel and restaurant services provided if required.

W. D. C. C.

CARNIVAL TIME

Part of the Carnival procession through Viareggio, in Northern Italy, depicts, in a satirical fashion, the European Common Market, with the leaders of various European countries bringing their wares on handcarts. Following the figure of King Baudouin are General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer. Many thousands of visitors went to the resort especially for the festivities. Traditionally the floats are based on topical themes, and are decorated with gigantic papier mâché figures. The Viareggio Carnival is claimed to be the biggest in Italy

One of the highlights of the traditional Carnival at Nice is the figure of King Carnival. Thousands of people watched the parade and were pelted with confetti in the streets of the French resort. Well over seventy annual carnivals have been held in Nice

At Viareggio, one of the floats represents the apotheosis of the Carnival, bursting from the bonfire ending last year's festivities "bigger and better than ever before"

BOOKS

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Lunatic life in Southern California; a wide selection of novels, short stories and thrillers

When Mr. Kingsley Amis turns his considerable talent to a survey of science fiction then, willy-nilly, we must turn with him, not because this is everybody's favourite subject but because it is more than likely that Mr. Amis is going to make a lot of sense in his critical findings—he is, after all, both an academic and an intellectual—and entertain us vastly in the process. NEW MAPS OF HELL (Gollancz. 16s.) confirms the reader's attitude of lively expectation and, as they say in advertising *media*, adds something new. The new departure is his reasoned, almost clinically objective approach to subjects of what one would normally regard in one's traipsing old way as degenerate horror. There is, as a relatively mild example, the case of the omnipotent and malevolent baby of three months and the tamer matter of the sculptor who, when not engaged on impromptu sculpture, goes round breaking into people's houses and pouring hot soup over their furniture in order, possibly, to compensate for his own intolerable smell. " Some readers," writes Mr. Amis reflectively, " will not be able to avoid seeing in all this a comparatively sober account of the behaviour of their own arty friends. . . ." Mr. Amis lists and describes many writers of this type of fiction and their styles, including Ray Bradbury, " the Louis Armstrong of science fiction," and, all in all, his book is a dazzling *tour de force* which had the effect, on this reader at least, of putting him off this kind of thing for ever.

THE CLIMATE OF LUNACY (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) records Miss Cynthia Lindsay's excursion into research as it may be done on the theme of southern California. For sheer fantasy it fits quite comfortably into the category of oddities with which Mr. Amis has been concerning himself, though, in its own zany way, it is even less digestible. Among other items, Miss Lindsay tells us that the typical and devoted southern Californian, whom she calls a Procal, refers to San Francisco as 'Frisco and that the San Franciscan never refers to Los Angeles at all. I have news for her: in San Francisco, when the subject of the other half of the State is unavoidable, it is often referred to distastefully as Southern Cafeteria.

This lower extremity of California, which includes Hollywood as one of its more serious cultural centres, is a fertile breeding-ground, as the author tells us, of strange religions, swamis, messiahs and get-good-quick cures. It is also a region in which thousands of acres support millions of orange trees yet in which a glass of fresh orange juice is a rarity; in which the Procal is surrounded by forty-one mountain peaks which he intends to cut down to his size; in which suits may be sincere and ties understated; in which aeroplanes on traffic-watching duty sometimes announce over their radios: " Hello, below. If you hear us, blink your lights," and are gratified to see half the cars on the roads blinking away like fireflies; and in which a man's treasured possessions are his car, his swimming-pool, his TV set and his barbecue. To sum it up much too summarily, it is a world in which anything at all can happen and mostly has. I believed every word of it.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is surrounded by flowers and telegrams in her dressing room before opening in a new comedy on Broadway in New York—*Midgie Purvis*. She first appeared on the London stage in 1923, the start of a string of successes in the 'twenties

Not amiable and largely predictable craziness but the tragic business of real mental derangement is examined in the first of this week's novels, and one of the most distinguished. THE HA-HA (Blond. 15s.), by Miss Jennifer Dawson, has a sound enough basis in fact since its author, an attractive young philosopher, worked for a year in a mental institution. It is the story of a poignant, tentative friendship between two young patients in such a place, ending in breakdown and tragedy. It is powerful and immensely imaginative and, I would think, impossible to read without being touched almost to tears.

A SMALL VOICE (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is a new novel from the sophisticated pen of Miss Stella Zilliacus, in non-literary life the wife of H.M. Ambassador to Brazil. Like the title of the book, the story is on a modest scale and concerns the love of a man for a woman five years older than himself, who from scruples and her own uncertainty, builds up an imaginary defence against marriage. Charming, deft and very nearly credible.

SUE CROWTHER'S MARRIAGE (Collins. 18s.) is at the other end of the pendulum swing: a meaty, solid and rather too-long continuation of Mr. Thomas Armstrong's saga of the Crowthers of Bankdam. A grounding in the other, earlier books would be a help, although not essential and, as before, Mr. Armstrong's story-telling ability and immense vitality carries the reader along in a warm state of temporary euphoria.

Mr. Robert Nicolson's MRS. ROSS (Constable. 13s. 6d.) has something of the same effect though in a more diminutive degree. This is a tale about an old woman living her dim little life in Glasgow between her frowsy flat, the offices of the National Assistance Board on whose charity she exists, and that club of the workless, the lonely ones and the shelterers from the rain—the Public Library. For entertainment Mrs. Ross reads, with an utter lack of discrimination. To give her days a necessary touch of drama she confides to

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SEARCH FOR TRUTH

A new analysis of the Bible

If all the Bible were like the Twenty-third Psalm it could be read with delightful facility; but the truth is it is an ancient oriental book which in many of its passages is hard to understand unless the reader knows at least something of its origin, history and character. F. Gladstone Bratton, a distinguished American theologian, has tackled the task of providing some of this essential background information in his HISTORY OF THE BIBLE (Robert Hale. 21s.). He shows how the separate books came to be written, were gathered and canonised, and how this canon was translated (and often distorted) into English. Men have read and misread the Bible ever since, says Professor Bratton. Perhaps they have accepted it too readily as a unified and coherent theology, forgetting to interpret it with reference to the time and place of the various books. The author asks us to accept that perhaps the most intelligent approach is to regard the Bible as a progressive discovery of truth, covering 1,000 years of history, and showing a steady development in its ideas of God, man, and the moral life.

One does not readily associate great landscapists with the art of Japan, but Hiroshige, the nineteenth-century wood-engraver, left behind an enchanting collection. Forty-five colour designs are illustrated in Walter Exner's HIROSHIGE (Methuen. 63s.), which in addition to biographical details contains some lively extracts from the artist's diary, as witness this brief entry: " Later in the morning, went to the theatre. Received a present of tea and cakes from an unknown girl; sent her presents in return. The curtain was new."

More than one reader must have asked on seeing the delightful portrait of Jean Plaidy on the dust jacket of her books, why does she bother with such sombre themes? But she does, and in her two previous works on the growth of the Spanish Inquisition, Miss Plaidy has shown with dramatic force what a sorrowful, vicious, and fantastically cruel business it all was. Now with THE END OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION (Robert Hale. 16s.) the author completes her trilogy, a work at once of scholarship and graphic quality. With the coming of the Bourbons the fires of the Inquisition, so long sustained by the zeal of Torquemada, the piety of Isabella, the cupidity of Ferdinand, and the bigotry of Philip II, began to die down; but the toll had been heavy, not only in Spain, but throughout her growing colonial Empire, most notably in Peru. In 1834, a year after the death of Ferdinand VII, the Inquisition was finally suppressed. Miss Plaidy's method is to portray tyrants and victims wherever possible through their own reports and utterances. She writes with admirable detachment.

Three outstanding travel guides, whose names have been before the public for many years, have brought out new volumes just at a time when people are thinking about holidays. On the home front is the 1961 edition of Ashley Courtenay's LET'S HALT AWHILE (André Deutsch. 12s. 6d.). This is a guide to about 750 hotels and inns, and as Mr. Courtenay keeps in close touch with all those mentioned, there is a measure of guarantee here for the discriminating traveller. Gordon Cooper's THE MOUNTAIN AND LAKESIDE RESORTS OF EUROPE (Cassell. 16s.) is a delightful book, particularly because so many of the places mentioned are reckoned to be slightly off the beaten track. Like Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Cooper is a guide well known to *Sphere* readers. Finally, S. P. B. Mais has collaborated with Gillian Mais in a day-to-day account of a DUTCH HOLIDAY (Alvin Redman. 21s.).

More than a hint of the source of Mr. John Betjeman's poetic style and inspiration is provided by A. P. Whitaker in his brief biography of JAMES HURDIS which has been published and printed by Moore and Tillyer, of Chichester, for the Marc Fitch Fund at 21/-. Hurdis was a Sussex minor poet of Regency days with a deep love of the countryside and of Oxford, where he made life-long friendships. Mr. Whitaker's has been a most worth-while labour.

R. C. E.

the local police sergeant the sinister whispers she has overheard and her own vast, misty claims to a title and a fortune. Mr. Nicolson has a persuasive and gentle style, and his novel is far more readable than its subject would foretell.

Mr. Kenneth Cook is an Australian writer and WAKE IN FRIGHT (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is his novel about the Outback which, whether in its good or bad aspects, is a pretty tough place to live in. I was once told, parenthetically, in the civilised surroundings of Melbourne, that women, visiting after years in the Outback, would make perpetual and apparently aimless gestures with their hands, still brushing away the flies that were part of their lives in the remote country. Mr. Cook writes a fair streak, has a welcome economy of style and conveys more in a page than some verbose travel writers in a whole chapter.

THE ABSENCE OF A CELLO (Gollancz. 15s.) is a satirical study of that ole debbil conformity as practised in a learned yet worldly circle in New York. It is highly intelligent, very, very funny and all but one of its characters are not only very bright but very likeable indeed. I only hope you will read this little triumph of Mr. Ira Wallach's for yourself.

Mr. Daniel Curley's volume of short stories, THE MARRIAGE BED (Michael Joseph. 15s.), which deal directly or indirectly with the business of being married or staying married, has a refreshing candour and the deceptive simplicity of expression which masks real art. The settings are American, the people sympathetic or weak or malicious but always real, and the cumulative effect impressive and strongly stated.

Two novels come from France this week. First, the winner of the Prix Goncourt, M. André Schwarz-Bart's historical novel, THE LAST OF THE JUST (Secker and Warburg. 21s.), a stupendously imaginative survey of a Jewish belief that in every generation there exist thirty-six men chosen by God to bear the burden of the world's suffering. The story opens in York in the twelfth century and closes in 1943 at Auschwitz extermination camp. M. Schwarz-Bart's immense canvas is meticulously filled in and the effect, as may be imagined, is very nearly overwhelming. Admirable translation by Mr. Stephen Becker. PASSING TIME (Faber. 21s.), by the young writer, M. Michel Butor, is also in its quite different way an exceptional work. The Frenchman, through whose extremely detailed diary the story is mainly told, comes to a town in the north of England to work, and it is the town itself, bleak as it is, and his small circle of friends and acquaintances, which form the theme of his tale. Sombre but undeniably interesting and well translated by Jean Stewart.

Improbably, but authentically, Mr. Paul Gallico is the author of the first of this week's batch of suspense and crime stories. TOO MANY GHOSTS (Michael Joseph. 16s.) has a background of a Norfolk stately home turned into a country club where some odd manifestations, possibly psychic, are taking place. Written with the author's familiar humour and gentle satire and quite exciting, too. THE BORDER MEN (Heinemann. 16s.) is set in a Northern Ireland city and is Mr. John Comley's story of a decent, youngish doctor who at first unwillingly gets caught up into a local underground movement of a violently Republican flavour. Not quite tense enough, but the types and the talk are conveyed with wonderful fidelity.

FIVE NIGHTS IN SINGAPORE (Collins. 15s.), by Mr. Mark Derby, who seems to know his Far East pretty well, is colourful, dramatic stuff with a high incidence of mysterious happenings, and Mr. Leslie Hiscott's thriller, THE BISHOP'S MOVE (Macdonald. 15s.) keeps up a splendidly brisk pace against the brilliant backcloth of Monaco and Italy.

Vernon Fane

In a scene from *Ariadne on Naxos* are, from left, Scaramuccio (Kevin Miller); Harlequin (Julian Moyle); Zerbinetta (June Bronhill); Brighella (Edward Byles); and Truffaldino (John Holmes)

Bacchus (Alberto Remedios) and Ariadne (Elizabeth Fretwell) in Richard Strauss's opera

OPERAS AT SADLER'S WELLS

Richard Strauss's *Ariadne on Naxos* has been given a new production at Sadler's Wells and has taken its place in the repertoire of the opera company with Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* and Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*. *Ariadne on Naxos* was the work with which the composer and his librettist, Hofmannsthal, followed *Der Rosenkavalier*. It was first appended to a version of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, but was later given a new prologue and performed on its own. Sadler's Wells are using a new English translation. Richard Strauss's fondness for the soprano voice is given full scope in this opera —there are six sopranos in the cast. It is a complicated work, given a clear production at Sadler's Wells; it is part mythology, part *commedia dell' arte* and part Viennese satire, with a prologue set backstage, treated with Hofmannsthal's literary wit and Richard Strauss's sonorous and luxurious melodiousness. One of its companions in the Sadler's Wells repertoire until March is *The Barber of Seville*, which gained a new cast at the end of January.

In *The Barber of Seville* are, from left, Rosina (Margaret Nisbett) and Count Almaviva (John Stoddart); and Figaro (Peter Glossop) and Doctor Bartolo (John Hargreaves)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

J. Gibson Jarvie

Chairman of United Dominions Trust Ltd., Mr. Gibson Jarvie is the head of the UDT group, which, in addition to general banking, comprises forty companies in Britain and the Commonwealth, including an Investment Trust; an Issuing House; Britain's largest hire purchase finance company; two engineering companies and the London Produce Clearing House. The group is represented overseas in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Jamaica, Trinidad, Nigeria, Kenya, Tanganyika, South Africa, and Rhodesia. Born in Scotland in 1883, John Gibson Jarvie was called to the English Bar by the Middle Temple. In 1919, he established a branch office in London of the Continental Guaranty Corporation, the New York banking house. By 1923 it had become a company in British ownership and in 1925 the name was changed to United Dominions Trust Ltd. In 1930, the then Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Montagu Norman, sought discussions on Mr. Gibson Jarvie's financial innovations with him. The meeting ended with the Bank investing £500,000 in UDT. In 1934, following discussions between the then Prime Minister and Governor of the Bank of England and Mr. Gibson Jarvie, a subsidiary company was formed to provide finance to companies not yet large enough to make a public issue, and particularly those in the depressed areas. From 1941 to 1942, Mr. Gibson Jarvie was the Regional Port Director of the north-western area under the Ministry of War Transport and from 1951 to 1952 was High Sheriff of Suffolk. He is a Liveryman of the City of London, a Burgess of Glasgow, and a member of the Royal Order of Scotland. Married with one son and three daughters, Mr. Gibson Jarvie has a country house, Gedding Hall, in Suffolk, where he farms 300 acres, and 16,000 acres in Galloway. He owns the Loch Dee, Talnotry and Glenvernoch estates in Scotland, and breeds hill sheep and Galloway cattle. His recreations are shooting and fishing

COMPETITION FROM ABROAD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

One does not ordinarily look for perspicuous comment about the state of the economy from gossip columnists; but some of the gloomier discussion about Britain's balance of payments recently has reminded me of a remark by one of these London social diarists just over a year ago. He was noting that Knightsbridge's outstanding young ex-debutante had just bought herself a Borgward; it made him ruminate, "Why are all these children so set on foreign cars?"

Variations of that question have become important for quite a number of British industries in the last eighteen months or so—apart from adding to the homework of principals in the Board of Trade. But even in the particular trade to which it was applied, the question is a good one. In 1960, during the spring boom in motor-car sales, imports of foreign cars rose to a rate four or five times that of a year earlier; and though imports fell off when the market was punctured by credit restrictions early in the summer, they were large enough over the whole year to represent about 7 per cent. of all the cars sold in Britain. One car in every fourteen does not sound too formidable; but that is about double the proportion that imports represented in 1959, and the 1959 proportion was double the one car in every fifty sold here that was foreign in 1958.

Nobody should imagine that entry into the British market is easy for a foreign automobile manufacturer. There is a duty of 30 per cent. to pay; on top of that, there is purchase tax to pay on the import price, plus that duty; and because he is taking rather more of a chance, the dealer selling new imported cars wants a bigger "mark-up" than he would put on a car made here, for which the public is better guaranteed.

I looked with great wistfulness, in Rome in November, at an Alfa-Romeo Giulietta Sprint, which, to my inexpert motorist's eye, always seems one of the most impressive little cars in the world. My wistfulness was directed largely to the fact that Alfa-Romeo, like other Italian makers (and like British cars in the Italian market, let me add), had just cut its prices somewhat. The Giulietta cost 1,735,000 lire; as near as dammit, £1,000. For the same model in Britain you are asked well over twice that. I have no idea whether foreign car manufacturers make more profit on the cars they sell abroad than those sold at home; probably, like most British manufacturers, they would claim that they make less. But nobody can exactly accuse them of undercutting car prices in order to tempt the debs' fancy.

Yet the fact remains that it is not only in cars or among debutantes that a taste for foreign goods has been asserting itself with unexpected power during the last couple of years—at the expense of the country's balance of payments. There are more elements than this surge of public taste in the very rapid growth of imports into Britain—an increase of about 12 per cent., for example, in 1960 over the year before. But it does seem to be a significant element; and not an easy one for British industry or the policymakers in Whitehall to deal with. It is reasonable enough for the Chancellor and his colleagues, in considering the balance of payments, to concentrate on the need to export more. But it was primarily this sharp increase in imports that upset our balance last year; and it is worth looking at closely to see how much seems permanent and how much may be only temporary. Some businessmen, already, are complaining that Britain has gone in for too much "liberalisation" of imports from Europe, and more recently from the United States. Have we let our trading defences drop too early?

What, in fact, does Britain import—and in particular, what are the things we have begun to import more of? What about our traditional imports, such as food and industrial materials; is the present trouble a return to "not being able to earn our sustenance?" Broadly, it isn't. Certainly, imports of food have been growing recently a little faster than our total spending on food, but not immensely more; there were some big increases after the general bonfire of import controls six or seven years ago but, even so, Britain is still producing more of its food at home than it was before the war.

So far as imports of industrial materials are concerned—the materials we buy abroad, turn into manufactures, and then sell, some of them abroad, making a profit on the deal—certain of these have been rising steadily in volume. The general switch to oil does make us, as a country, more dependent on imported fuels; but since this is generally a matter of getting energy cheaper than we could mine it at home, this is not a bad bargain in itself. Certain raw materials are being imported where we used to produce them at home—for example, a majority still growing of the iron-ore that we make into steel. There are large imports, too, of some manufactured materials that throw up occasional shortages. sheet steel is a frequent example, and probably will be until the mid-'sixties, when we have enough capacity to roll out all the skins for the motor-car bodies and refrigerators and washing machines that we (sometimes) manage to sell in such large numbers. Dependence on imported materials for a large part of our production, again, means that when industry is expanding after a slack period, and builds up its stocks to keep production going, this weighs pretty hard on the country's balance of payments.

But the element in our imports that has risen most sharply of late—and which in some ways is the only really worrying one—is imports of manufactured goods, coming into what used to be the workshop of the world. Between 1959 and 1960 these rose by nearly half, far more than in any previous year; and the increase applied to the things that industry bought as well as those consumers bought. The private customer, in many cases, was getting his first real opportunity since the war to buy something that came from abroad, because quotas had been removed from imports from many classes of consumer goods. But British businessmen have been relatively free to buy equipment from foreign countries for some years now; and the disturbing thing is that their purchases are still going up.

In 1960 more than two out of every five typewriters sold in Britain were made abroad, and about the same proportion of other office machinery; more than a quarter of all the accounting machines, the machine tools, and the textile machinery sold came from abroad. Among the things that private customers buy, more than half the cameras, watches, and gloves came from abroad, but these are all products in which certain individual countries abroad have a commanding international lead. It is not so easy to explain the fact that a third of the motor-cycles sold were imported, except by the unpleasant truth that Britain did too little and too late in the switch to scooters and mopeds; and there are few more dreary comments on the state of Lancashire than the statistics showing that 40 per cent. of the cotton fabrics sold in this country were woven outside.

Those are the outstanding cases where the British consumer seems to be preferring foreign goods to British; but there are others in which the proportion of foreign goods on the market is rising sharply, such as shoes, particularly women's shoes; radio sets; cutlery, toys; and articles made of plastic. Why the attraction; have foreign manufacturers any real edge on ours in all these things?

To answer that question simply would be unfair; taste enters so much into many of these choices. I think there is no doubt that the removal of quotas has stimulated some lively import merchants to search out designs and articles that are done particularly well on the Continent, and to show them to the British housewife for the first time since the war; there is a considerable attraction, for a time, in sheer novelty. And apart from the question of durability and doing their job, there is also no doubt that British designs, from the simply æsthetic or "cosmetic" point of view, have fallen somewhat behind the Continent in appealing to the young customers who have the free spending money to-day.

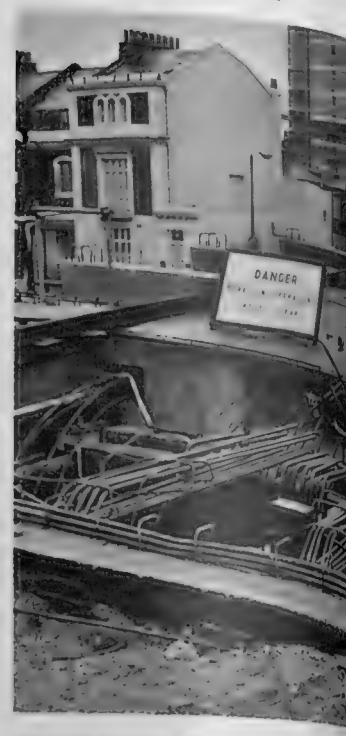
This is not simply a matter of "winklepickers" with an Italian look appealing to Teddy boys; it applies as significantly to the young people who are beginning to buy "contemporary" cutlery and find that Scandinavia sets the fashion, or to housewives deciding to take a chance on the convenience and sensible designs (not always equally handsome) that the Germans offer in refrigerators. In this field of consumer durables, again, I have an impression that the breadth of the Atlantic, plus the quite high duties that remain, must offer quite a protection to our suppliers; particularly when one is considering large items, such as a 6 cub. ft. refrigerator, I have the impression that the American customer often gets the article significantly cheaper. The novelty can easily wear off such goods; perhaps after-sales service will not be as good (though is it exceptionally good, anyway, for our own home-produced kitchen equipment?). But equally, the different qualities these imports offer may win them "brand loyalty," too: consider the attitude of most Volkswagen owners, for example.

What does one do? Cut down our choice of imports quite arbitrarily, by putting quotas on again? That is not a course to attract this Government, though it is one urged upon them by some most respectable advisers, without any taint of desire for socialist planning. Put up tariffs on some of these articles that are slipping in to establish themselves in our markets—as certain countries in Europe, under the rules of the Common Market, happen to be doing? Or let our manufacturers meet the competition here that we hope they will be able to meet abroad?

This last course, obviously, ought to be the salutary one; it may be the risky one, too. But one new element in the economic climate of Britain to-day, among the most conservative of people (with a large "C" or a small one), is a certain readiness to examine new solutions, and not just rest on the old ones that have given us reasonable stability in the last few years, but rather a slow pace of growth. It might seem risky, indeed, to deal with the increasing share that imports have captured of the British market by actually reducing the tariff barriers over which those foreign goods have recently been flooding in, on the theory that you will never be forced to beat foreign competition abroad until you meet it on equal terms on your home ground. But that is the idea that some experts in Whitehall—and, more important, some Ministers in the Government—are toying with.

The interior of the spine beam, which runs through the Hammersmith flyover and contains the stressed cables holding the sections together

A hydraulic jack is used to stress the cables



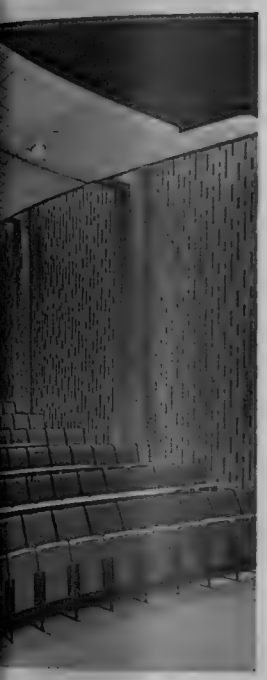
Anchored units of cables on one sect

NEW SHAPES

Recent developments in engineering techniques, particularly in the field of pre-stressed concrete, have enabled the Hammersmith flyover to be designed as a slender structure supported on single central columns. Most of the components are built some distance from the site as pre-cast units. Each of the supporting columns is carried on the top of roller bearings situated below ground. This enables the flyover to move longitudinally during temperature changes. The engineering methods employed have also facilitated speedy construction. Four of the sixteen spans have been erected after eleven months' work and it is expected that the remaining spans will be completed at the rate of one every three weeks. Due to be completed by November, the flyover will be 2,800 ft. long, including a 2,000-ft. suspended structure, and 61 ft. wide to take dual carriageways and footways. The main contractors are Marples, Ridgway and Partners, with G. Maunsell and Partners as consulting engineers. Designed to improve the traffic flow from London to the West, the flyover will carry through-traffic over the road and rail complex at Hammersmith.

From St. Paul's Church, looking west, can be seen the work in progress on the Hammersmith flyover

flyover

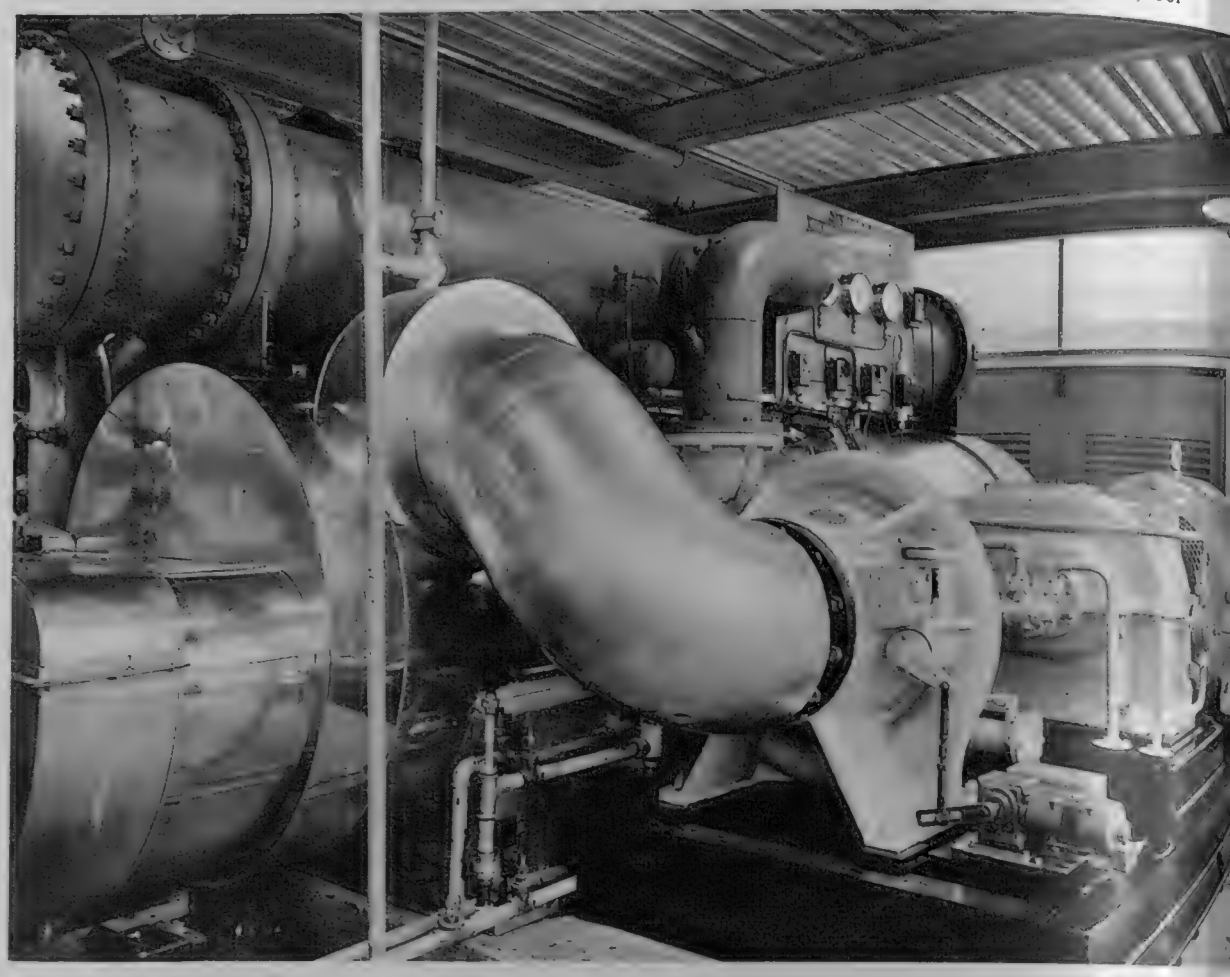


The new lecture theatre for the engineering department of Edinburgh University is a compact concrete box which is cantilevered out over a sunken court and pool. A bridge (right) links it to the classroom block. **Left:** The inside of the lecture theatre with the projection box at the back, as seen by the lecturer; it seats 200. A two-storey laboratory and drawing office, a five-storey reinforced concrete library and staff-room block and a single-storey block of classrooms form the rest of the University's £250,000 extension scheme which doubles the capacity of the laboratories. Main contractors for the lecture theatre were Cruden's Limited

Below: The view from the twenty-first floor of the tower block at Millbank, looking down on the three-level, spiral-ramp car park. This is being built round a central water tower and forms part of the development of the 3½-acre site near the Tate Gallery, London. The tower block will be over 370 ft. high, making it one of the tallest office buildings in Europe. Also on the site will be an eight-storey Y-shaped block and an eleven-storey residential block. At ground-level the site will be kept open by means of courtyards. The tower block will house the headquarters of the Vickers Group of Companies; the main contractors are John Mowlem and Co., Ltd.

CIVILIAN HARDWARE

The recently completed Engineering Administrative building for B.E.A. at London Airport is the first airport block built expressly to meet sound-proofing requirements and incorporating a complete air-conditioning scheme. So effective is the noise control that a jet engine can be serviced nearby without causing annoyance. Chilled water for the air-conditioning scheme is provided by two Refrigerant II York Turbomaster packaged water-cooling sets made by York Shipley Limited. The plant is housed, with the pumping equipment and control panel, in a glass-side services annexe block adjacent to the new B.E.A. building, for which the main contractors were Holland & Hannen and Cubitts.



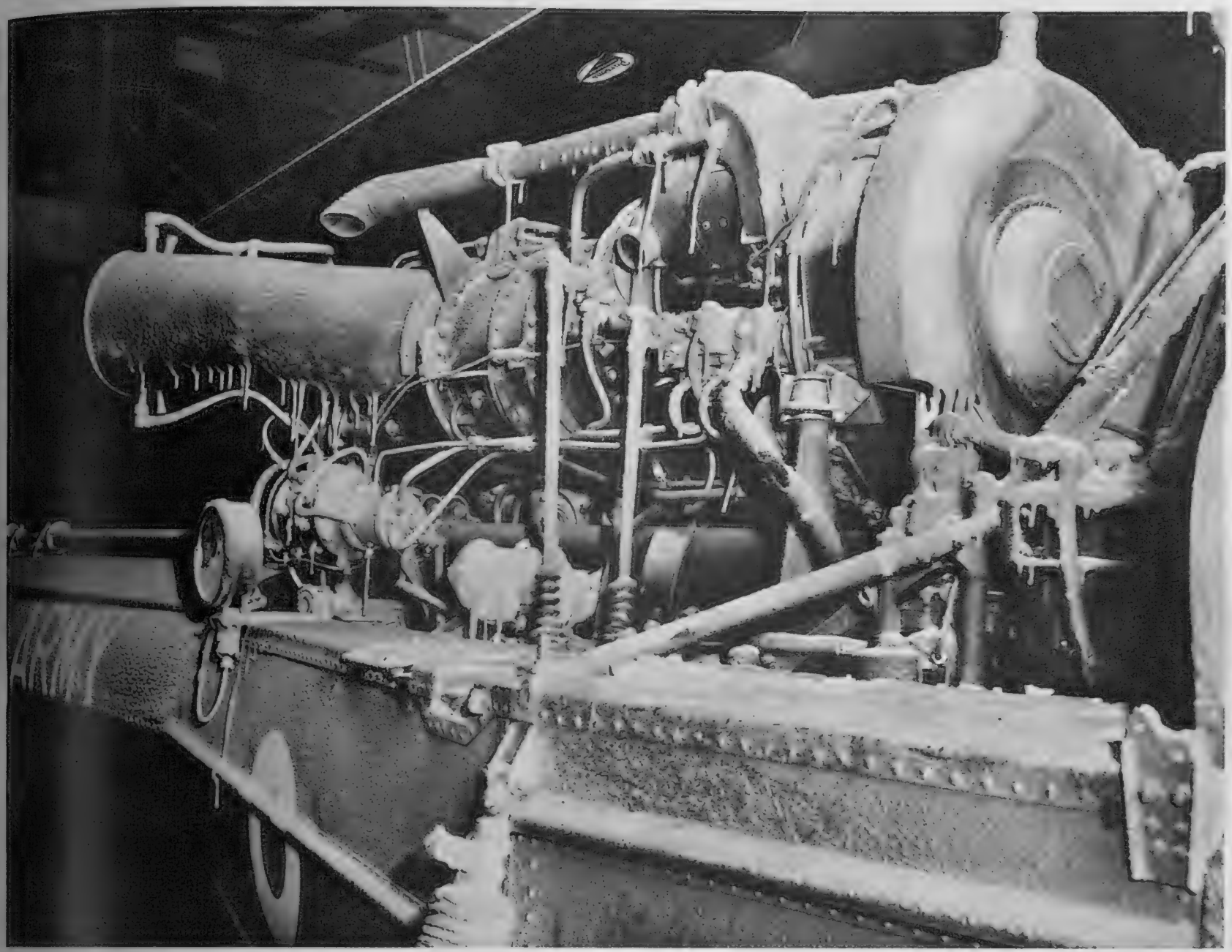
One of the two Turbomaster packaged water-cooling sets installed to serve the air-conditioning scheme for the new British European Airways building at London Airport

The B.E.A. Engineering Administrative building with (right) the services annexe block

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Maudling (right) examine the latest Qualcast motor-mower at the Hardware Trades Fair

Mr. and Mrs. Maudling see a wrought-iron gate being made in six minutes by a machine on the stand of Iscot Power Machines Ltd. **Right:** He examines some of the wide range of hand tools on the stand of Stanley Works (Great Britain) Ltd.

Britain's Seventh International Hardware Trades Fair, which was held last week on all four floors of the Empire Hall at Olympia, was the largest of its kind ever organised in London. Nearly 300 firms from all over the world took part. Mr. Maudling, the President of the Board of Trade, visited the exhibition on the opening day. He said that " it was nonsense that exporting was for the ' big man ' only." He went on to say that much of Britain's production was in the hands of small firms and reiterated the need for them to increase exports. It is roughly estimated that exports of hardware from Britain last year totalled £158,000,000. This is over 8½ per cent. above the figure for 1959.

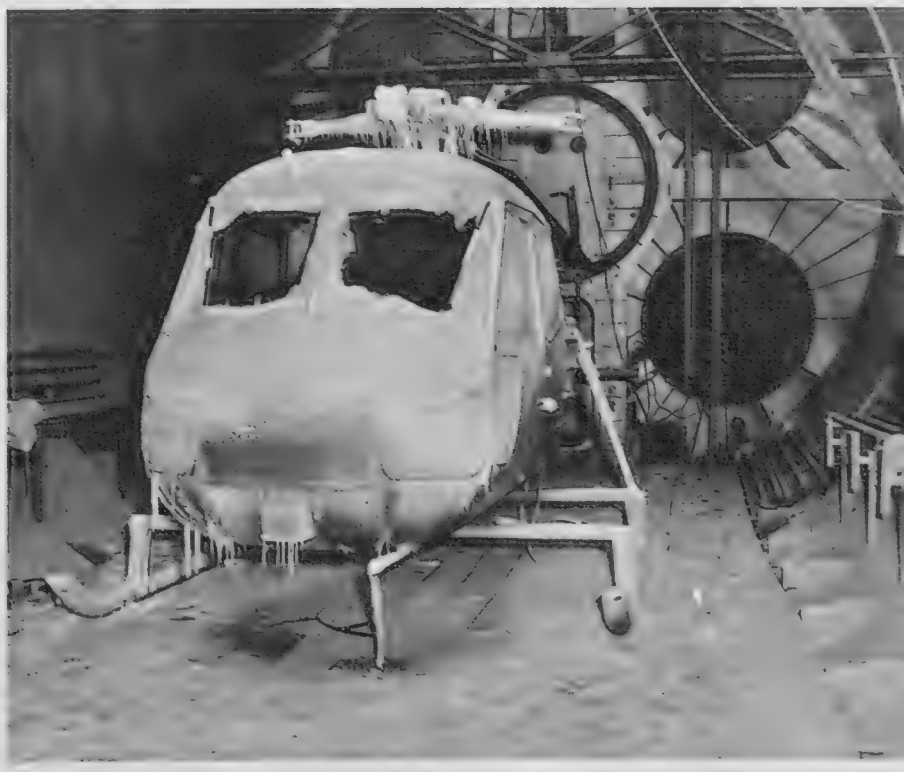


The Blackburn A.129 engine of a Westland Scout helicopter undergoes cold chamber trials at Vickers-Armstrong, Weybridge. It was subjected to minus 35 degs. Centigrade

COLD AND HOT TESTS

Two Westland Scout helicopters fitted with Blackburn A.129 engines have recently been put through trials in extremes of climate. One of the aircraft was sent to Aden and carried out a series of flights over a period of twelve days. The object of the tests was to obtain preliminary information on hot-weather performance and to investigate erosion problems under sandy, tropical conditions. The flying programme was completed as scheduled, no spare parts were required and no unserviceability was recorded. Full tropical trials are due to take place later this year. The second Scout was given rigorous tests in a cold chamber at Weybridge, in Surrey, in simulated snowstorms and high wind conditions. A full servicing programme was carried out. Again the results were reported to have been very satisfactory. After removal from the chamber, the engine, replaced in the aircraft, started at once.

A Westland Scout being tested in desert conditions near Aden



The helicopter fuselage under simulated cold weather at Weybridge

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BANKING PROFITS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"Advances are the most remunerative of our assets, provided that the proportion of bad debts is not excessive, and the increase in their volume has enabled us to show a very much increased net profit . . . high rates of interest have made their contribution . . . we could hardly hope to show quite so high a profit if interest rates are lower which, on general grounds, and for the sake of our investments we should certainly like them to be." These words in his recent annual address to shareholders by Mr. Anthony Tuke, chairman of Barclays Bank, exemplify the conflicting motives of the clearing banks. On the one hand, they are commercial enterprises with responsibilities to large bodies of shareholders to earn profits, just like any other free-enterprise company. On the other hand, they are quasi-official organisations, charged with implementing Government policy even when it runs counter to their own best interests. Given these apparently impossible conditions under which to operate, it is something of a miracle that they prosper commercially as well as retaining the confidence of Governments.

Here was Mr. Tuke, probably the most lucid of our leading bankers, telling his shareholders (whose sole interest, as shareholders, is the size of their dividends) that the demand for overdrafts at high interest rates was splendid for Barclays because it resulted in big profits from which, by implication, generous dividends could be distributed. Then he went on to say that lower interest rates would mean lower profits, but this was all right because lower rates would result in the bank's holdings of gilt-edged stocks having a higher price on the Stock Exchange.

But this was not all. Having said that advances to customers were the bank's most profitable line of business (last year Barclays' advances rose by about £150 million to £714 million), Mr. Tuke had this to say of the Government's action to stem the rise in advances: "I find myself in complete agreement with those whose duty it is to make these difficult decisions both in the nature of their action and in its timing . . . the authorities are, I am sure, right in seeking to influence the volume of money." This attitude, shared by most of the leading clearing bankers, has something of the unctuous ring of a harking back to schooldays with "I deserved my beatings, and they did me good." It is, however, an inevitable attitude given the peculiar status of the banks.

The face of British banking has been deeply etched by several revolutionary changes in the last two or three years. There was the scurrying rush by one bank after another into hire purchase in 1958, when the credit rein was relaxed. Then the Midland Bank led the way in starting "personal loans," differing from conventional overdrafts in that no security was demanded from customers. This was altogether too unorthodox for all the banks to stomach, some standing aloof and announcing rather stiffly that *they* would continue to grant normal overdrafts which, incidentally, would be at lower interest rates than those charged on personal loans. The Midland, always the odd-bank-out and ready to try something new, also instituted a personal cheque scheme in an attempt to present a friendly face to wage earners who, it believed, were too shy or suspicious to run an ordinary account. The idea was to sell books of cheque forms and make no other charge for running the customer's account. It has not been outstandingly successful.

From the investment viewpoint, bank Ordinary shares have a very different look from that of a few years ago. Up to 1953 they were generally regarded rather gloomily as the equivalent of fixed-interest stocks, for dividends had remained frozen for years. Then the thaw set in with higher payments and issues of bonus shares and there was an altogether gayer air at the annual meetings of shareholders. The extent to which profits of the Big Seven Banks (Barclays, Lloyds, Midland, National Provincial, Westminster, District and Martins) have actually risen is not known, for the banks have a special dispensation, shared with insurance and shipping companies, to plough back undisclosed sums to inner reserves before striking a figure for publication. The justification for this is difficult to understand and there are hopes—not very hopeful hopes, however—that the Jenkins Committee on Company Law may recommend an end of the practice.

It must be assumed that the substantial disclosed increases in the profits of the Big Seven in 1960 were "real" in the sense that there has been no change in the proportion of sums put in the secret reserves. The biggest increases were earned by the Westminster and Lloyds with profits more than a third higher. Lloyds profits of £4,600,000 put it up into second place next to Barclays which earned £5,450,000. The Midland, thus pushed down into third place, increased its profits less than a fifth. The Westminster has grown fastest of all, although its profits of £3,400,000 entitle it only to fifth place. Each of the Big Seven has also paid a bigger dividend than was forecast or anticipated, except the National Provincial which has sugared disappointment by making a bonus share issue and forecasting a bigger distribution next year. It may be that some of the banks now have a sense of malaise over their liaisons with the hire-purchase houses which have ceased, for the time being at least, to be such stimulating partners. Last year's hire-purchase dividends, mainly earned before the credit squeeze, would have contributed handsomely to bank profits. This year distributions are likely to be less generous and this is bound to be reflected in the profit figures of the banks.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The brief definition of sherry as the blended, fortified wine of the Jerez de la Frontera district of Spain is a gross over-simplification. From the pressing of the grapes to the final blending the making of this wine is totally different from any other, and the many stages leading to the end product constitute a most complicated process. This process, as established to-day, is the outcome of a centuries-long evolution and makes a fascinating story. It has everything. The wars preceding the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in which Jerez became a frontier post between Christianity and the Mussulman kingdom; the arrival of the first English merchants in the fifteenth century; and at the end of the same century the discovery of America by Columbus. All these factors have made their mark on the history of sherry. By the sixteenth century the trade in sherry was well established with England and, to this day, we have been the biggest single buyers of it.

A recent visitor to Jerez, Mr. Julian Jeffs has fallen in love with it. "I first went there for five days," he says, "and stayed eight months. It became more enchanting every day . . ." He was in fact so inspired and fascinated by what he saw of the sherry trade that he devoted considerable time, effort and study to write a magnificent book, published this week: *Sherry* (Faber and Faber. 36s.). Mr. Jeffs must have worked very hard. His list of sources, published and unpublished, is formidable. His understanding of the involved and extraordinary processes that go into the making of sherry, allied with thorough historical research, have resulted in a much needed, exceptionally readable textbook on this specialised branch of wine lore.

Nearly half of the book is taken up by the history and evolution of the trade. I was doubtful at first if the author had been right in making this the first half of his book, perhaps because I was so eager to get down to the second half which deals with the explanation in detail of all the processes. On second thoughts I agree with the sequence chosen, and I feel other readers will think the same, for this history has so much bearing on the development of the technology. The two parts are joined most successfully into a satisfying whole.

There is so much information packed into the 268 pages of this volume that it will be difficult for most people to assimilate it all at once, but this does not matter. It makes enjoyable reading the first time and then it becomes a most valuable reference book to be dipped into as the need and curiosity arises. This is made easy by first-class arrangement of the text and a most useful index. I am quite sure that this book, more than just providing useful reading and reference, will enhance the pleasure to be gained from drinking good sherry. It will make sherry drinkers into discriminating sherry lovers and, no doubt, will also attract many visitors, inspired to seek first-hand experience, to sunny and enchanting Jerez de la Frontera.

It must be a gastronomic truism that it is often with the simplest dishes that perfection is the most difficult to achieve. Nothing could be much simpler than Steak Tartare (which does not even need cooking) and yet it must be perfectly prepared to be really enjoyable. There is a lot more to a really good Steak Tartare than raw, minced beef with a few flavourings added. I have discussed it with Mr. Alex de Borman, the owner of Le Rêve restaurant in Chelsea, where this delectable dish is one of the specialities, and where you can often see it being mixed by the "patron" himself.

"Only the best fillet steak, in exactly the right condition must be used," he explained, "just the same as we would use for grilling. It is most important that it should be chopped by hand with a knife; it must not be minced, that would cause a slimy texture. A raw egg yolk and a drop or two of olive oil are mixed in and the other additions are finely chopped onions, capers and parsley, salt, pepper, and a little Lea and Perrins sauce, but no mustard." But I must hasten to add that Steak Tartare is not the only item on the menu here which I can specially recommend. So often one finds that a restaurant opens, and at first it is excellent, but after a time, for various reasons, the quality and standards are allowed to flag and, at best, mediocrity takes their place.

This has not happened at Le Rêve. I regard myself one of the oldest customers; I have been eating there regularly, ever since it was opened six-and-a-half years ago, and have never had cause for complaint. It has become very popular; often it is impossible to get a table; you sit rather tightly packed, and not always in the greatest comfort; but—and I consider this, after all, to be the most important—the food is always very, very good.

The "patron's" eagle eye on everything, the same first-class chef all these years, charming waitresses, some of whom have also been there for years, all go towards maintaining a high standard. A varied repertoire of dishes, mainly of the simpler French type, give ample scope for most tastes. There is a wide choice of *hors d'oeuvres*, fish dishes, grills, and *entrées*, with just one or two unusual and interesting dishes added from time to time, such as *Pimento Farcis*, *Osso Buco*, *Truite aux Amandes*, *Coquille St. Jacques*. Grilled *Halibut Sauce Mousseline* is the most recent addition. Le Rêve is not licensed, but they send out for you, or, as I prefer, you can take your own wine.

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MOTORING

ENGLISH OR SCOTTISH LAW?

An attractive two-seater sports car and other topics

By COURTENAY EDWARDS

There is a movement on foot in England to revise the law relating to the sale of motor vehicles. If you buy a second-hand car and the man selling it claims that it is in perfect running order, it is not always easy to get redress if the vehicle turns out to have (for example) a cracked cylinder block or a broken back axle. It would usually be necessary to produce independent evidence that the seller did in fact say the car was in perfect condition. Damages would be difficult to obtain unless there was sound proof provided of fraudulent misrepresentation.

In Scotland the law is different and the legal and motoring circles south of the Tweed who are agitating on this subject would like to see the English law brought more closely into line with the Scottish outlook. North of the border it is much easier for the buyer of a car to get his money back if a car he has bought proves defective. It does not matter whether or not the seller made exaggerated claims about the condition of the car. If the purchaser, within a reasonable time after the sale, can show that the vehicle is not good enough to do the job for which it was sold, he can usually get his money back. There are many car dealers in Britain who must be getting a little worried about this campaign to change the English law on the subject of innocent misrepresentation.

The 1961 Sunbeam Alpine, with its bigger, 1,592 c.c., engine, is a greatly improved car. Top speed of this attractive-looking sports two-seater is still around the 100 mark and there is no outstanding improvement in high-speed acceleration figures; but there is a noticeable improvement in torque at low engine speeds. The Alpine's power unit is 98 c.c. bigger than the earlier model, has an aluminium head and twin carburettors, develops 85½ b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. and whisks the car from zero to 50 m.p.h. in ten seconds.

There are few cars costing less than £1,000 offering such an exhilarating performance or capable of giving such pride of ownership. With tax the price is £986. For £65 more you get a removable hard-top which makes the car look really sophisticated. This fits neatly onto the car without disturbing the folding hood, which stows away out of sight, ready for use in summer storms when you have taken the hard roof off and left it at home.

Another valuable extra is an overdrive operating on top and third gears. It reduces engine speed by 25 per cent. in top gear. The cost: £60. When the Alpine first appeared it had certain faults which had been rectified by the time the 1961 model was announced last October. For example, the driver has more leg room, the foot controls are adjustable, there are larger shock absorbers and wider rear springs, the disc brakes on the front wheels are shielded against wet, dirt and grit and the steering column has been re-angled. The boot is rather small but there is room for luggage on the rear seat, which is big enough to accommodate two small children.

I liked the centre arm rest (hollowed out with a hinged lid and useful for odds and ends), the excellent layout and grouping of the instruments, the car's good finish, the winding windows and the elimination of eight greasing points. The car I tested let in water rather badly, when left out in the rain, flooding the floor at the front and part of the boot.

As I write there are signs of an incipient recovery in the fortunes of the motor industry. It may be the approach of spring or the hire purchase relaxation on January 20; or a combination of both. The fact is that in January there were 63,666 car sales on H.P. That is 38 per cent. more than in December but 10 per cent. fewer than in January 1960. New car sales under H.P. (9,881) were 47 per cent. up on December and 41 per cent. down on January 1960. The sales of used cars (53,785) were 36 per cent. up on December and only fractionally smaller than in January 1960. Although unfortunately there is still no news of an upturn in export figures, Pressed Steel announced that several hundreds of their workers were going back onto a five-day week and simultaneously there were hints of an imminent reduction of short-time working in certain B.M.C. factories.

The 1961 Sunbeam Alpine sports car has a bigger, 1,592 c.c., engine

Official figures show that in 1960 Britain built 1,352,728 cars, exported 569,916 of them and put 806,710 newly-licensed cars on the roads. All these totals are records, thanks to the industry's achievements in the first nine months of the year. In the last quarter, largely as a result of setbacks in the U.S., exports slumped badly; so, of course, did production.

Mr. John Hay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, has stated that M1, Britain's first motorway, linking London with the Midlands, may pay for itself in eight years or so. He presumably bases his encouraging prediction on the time saved and the reduced number of accidents. On the round trip, says Mr. Hay, a car saves up to 90 minutes compared with A5 and A45; commercial vehicles save 40 to 50 minutes. The number of vehicles using M1, which cost £21,000,000 and has been open more than a year, recently averaged 15,000 a day. The accident rate is half that on the best of Britain's other main roads.

The Kenning Motor Group, which has 150 branches in many different parts of the country and now employs nearly 5,000 people, has just opened a new £100,000 head office at Chesterfield, Derbyshire. It has brought together under one roof sections of the administrative staff who have been scattered in Clay Cross, Chesterfield and Sheffield. It was at Clay Cross that the Kenning "empire" was founded in 1878 when the grandfather of the present chairman opened a hardware business which at the turn of the century had its first connection with the motor trade by selling petroleum products. When Sir George Kenning, son of the founder, died in 1956 he had helped to build a £5,000,000 business.

The fascia of the new Sunbeam Alpine. Price is £986 (including tax); with the optional extras—a removable hard-top and overdrive—the total cost is £1,111 with tax

Mr. John Hay, whose comments on M1 I quoted just now, went along to Bedford the other day to open a multi-storey car park, built imaginatively by the local Council. With five parking levels above ground, it has room for 262 cars. Provision has been made for extensions which would increase this accommodation to more than 500.

I was delighted to learn that the Council is going to charge only sixpence for four hours. The garage incorporates the latest handling facilities and the ramps are electrically heated. Now, the interesting thing is that Bedford has, for the time being, set its mind against parking meters. I think they are wrong. So does Mr. Hay, and he did not hesitate to tell them so. Bedford has decided on rigid enforcement of a "No parking" rule in its congested streets. But they have had the decency to provide cheap off-street parking facilities. Good luck to them.

Briefly. . . . The chairman of Dunlop, knighted in the New Year Honours, has taken the style of Sir Edward Beharrell to prevent confusion with his father, the late Sir George Beharrell. . . . The Mayfair firm of Charles Follett has been taken over by Mr. Richard Dutton-Forshaw, but Mr. Follett remains chairman. . . .

Two useful gadgets: an inexpensive solid fuel picnic stove which boils a quart of water with one tablet in ten minutes (Pypro Works, Dunmow, Essex, 3s. 9d., including four tablets); and a small, slender, plastic oil "can" which reaches awkward corners (Challenge Oils, Mildmay Road, N.1, 1s. 3d.). . . . The gas-turbine subsidiary of the Rover Co. have demonstrated a turbo-prop aircraft development of their industrial turbine. . . .

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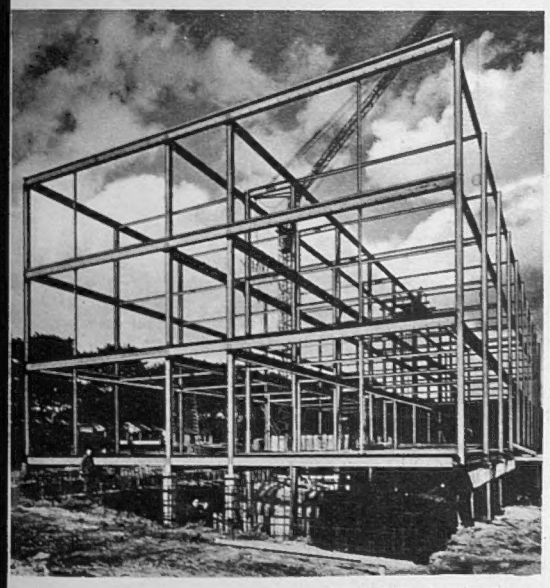

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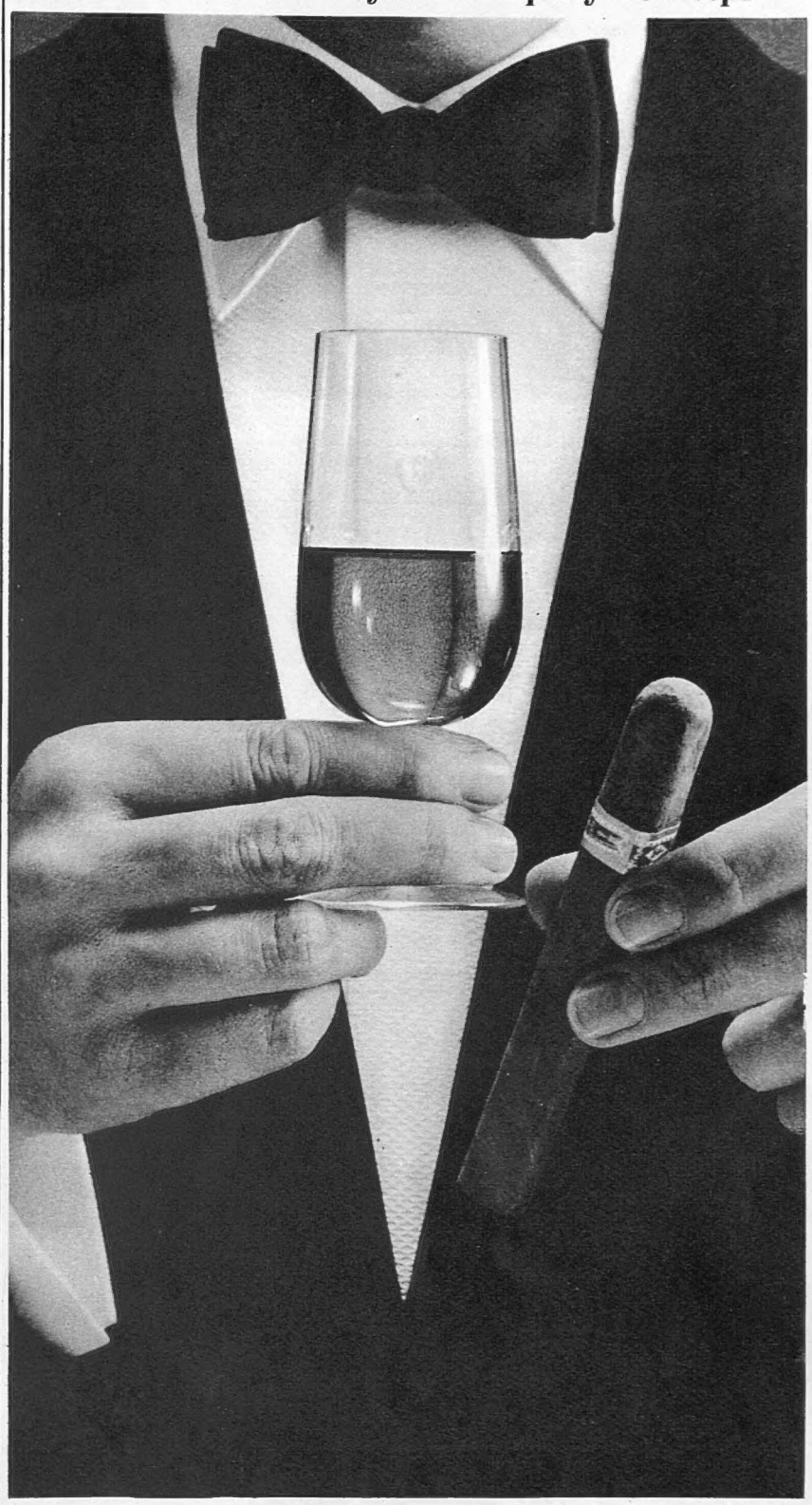
A man is known by the company he keeps



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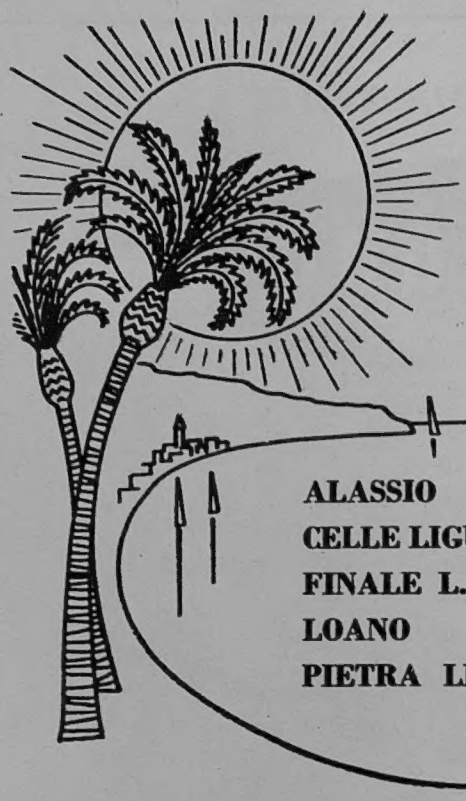

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

BIRR, CO. OFFALY, was in the news last month and, though we were aware from the context that Ireland was its location, I expect that many, like myself, had to seek a map of Ireland to pinpoint this small community, remote from the normal tourist route 48 miles north-east of Limerick and 27 miles due south of Athlone.

Ever since my first visit to Ireland fourteen years ago it has been a matter of surprise to me how few of my friends and acquaintances have ever visited either Northern Ireland or the Republic of Eire; yet both Dublin and Belfast are but one-and-a-half hours' flying time from London Airport.

Almost every year since I have returned to this Emerald Isle for anything from a fortnight to a month, I have never ceased to enthuse about the blessed peacefulness of being able to drive mile after mile, hour after hour, without traffic congestion. For those who fish, Ireland is a paradise of loughs, lakes and rivers. Fish are plentiful, pollution is almost unknown and the cost is infinitesimal. For the lovers of other outdoor sports, hunting, racing, golf and the Irish national game of hurley, one is never far from it while, as to scenery, Ireland provides contrasts in contours and colourings that are peculiarly its own.

Yet, over and above everything, I like Ireland for its people. Class or clothes mean little. Whether you get on with them or not depends on two things—your ability to be natural and friendly to all and sundry and the avoidance of religious or political discussions.

During the years I have been visiting Ireland, there has been an enormous improvement in touring facilities. I recall on my first visit the clouds of white dust that seeped into everything when touring the Ring O'Kerry; the loose and narrow surfaces of the roads in Connemara; the dilapidated signposting and the pot-holes in Dublin's streets. All that has disappeared. It is hard, unless one is foolish enough to venture on a mountain track, to find a bad road or illegible signposting.

A similar improvement has taken place in Irish hotels. There are still plenty of indifferent ones, but for you who may be contemplating touring Ireland this year, I am satisfied that, if you were to follow in my car tracks, you need not strike a dud and, in fact, will be agreeably surprised at the excellence of many hotels.

Here, then, are some of my personally tested recommendations.

DUBLIN.—Hotel standards here are high and, thanks to the schooling given to the younger generation, Irish hotels as a whole are being influenced. I recommend the following in their respective categories; in the top grade of amenities and price—*The Gresham, Royal Hibernian, Russell* and *Shelbourne Hotels*, and two less-expensive hotels, excellent for what they offer—*Buswell's* and the *Ivanhoe*.

For those who seek a seaside hotel, Ireland has no resorts of the size or with the promenade attractions of Bournemouth, Brighton or Blackpool, but note the *La Touche Hotel* at GREYSTONES, 18 miles south of Dublin, and a good centre for touring the Wicklow mountains.

Newcomers to Ireland should visit the highlights of Ireland's West Coast —Co. Cork, Co. Kerry, Connemara and Co. Donegal. In Co. Cork make for BANTRY BAY. Here you have two quite different and quite delightful hotels, *Ballylickey House* and, off the Glengariff road, *Ardnagashel House*.

Presuming you have a car, and it is a must unless you indulge in one of the C.I.E. coach tours, you will then come to KENMARE—*Great Southern Hotel*—where you can bear right for KILLARNEY—*Great Southern Hotel*—and keep left around the Ring O'Kerry, where, on your line of route, you can choose that admirable Guest House Hotel *Tahilla Cove;* the *Great Southern Hotel*, PARKNASILLA and, at that small fisherman's and holiday sea resort, WATERVILLE, the *Butler Arms* and the *Southern Lake Hotel*.

KILLARNEY as a town may disappoint you, but the *Great Southern Hotel* there will not; especially the new wing where each studio bedroom has its private bathroom. Between Killarney and Limerick nothing is likely to detain you until you reach Adare, where I strongly commend for the night the *Dunraven Arms*, a great favourite among all who have discovered it.

After a quick look at Limerick, make, via ENNIS and GORT (*Glynn's Hotel*), for GALWAY—the gateway to CONNEMARA. Here the *Great Southern Hotel* is admirably run. If, however, you wish to stay amidst the wild beauty of CONNEMARA I have three choices for you, the *Currarevagh Hotel* at OUGHTERARD, a most admirable Guest House, with splendid fishing in Lough Corrib, the small luxury *Zetland Hotel* at CASHEL, with excellent fishing, and *Renvyle House*, a holiday seaside hotel far from the madding crowd, at RENVYLE.

Space does not permit of travelling further north to Co. Sligo and Co. Donegal, though for those interested I have the answer in both seaside and fishing hotels.

It is fitting that we should conclude our present journey at *Ashford Castle Hotel*, CONG, Co. Galway. This admirable, quite unique hotel, has not only everything laid on for holiday pleasure, but it is well conducted by Noel Huggard, one of a family of pioneers in good hotel-keeping in Ireland.

A complete chapter describing the pick of Irish hotels will be found in the 1961 edition of *Let's Halt Awhile*, 12s. 6d., from bookshops, or post free from Ashley Courtenay, 16, Little London, Chichester, Sussex, England.

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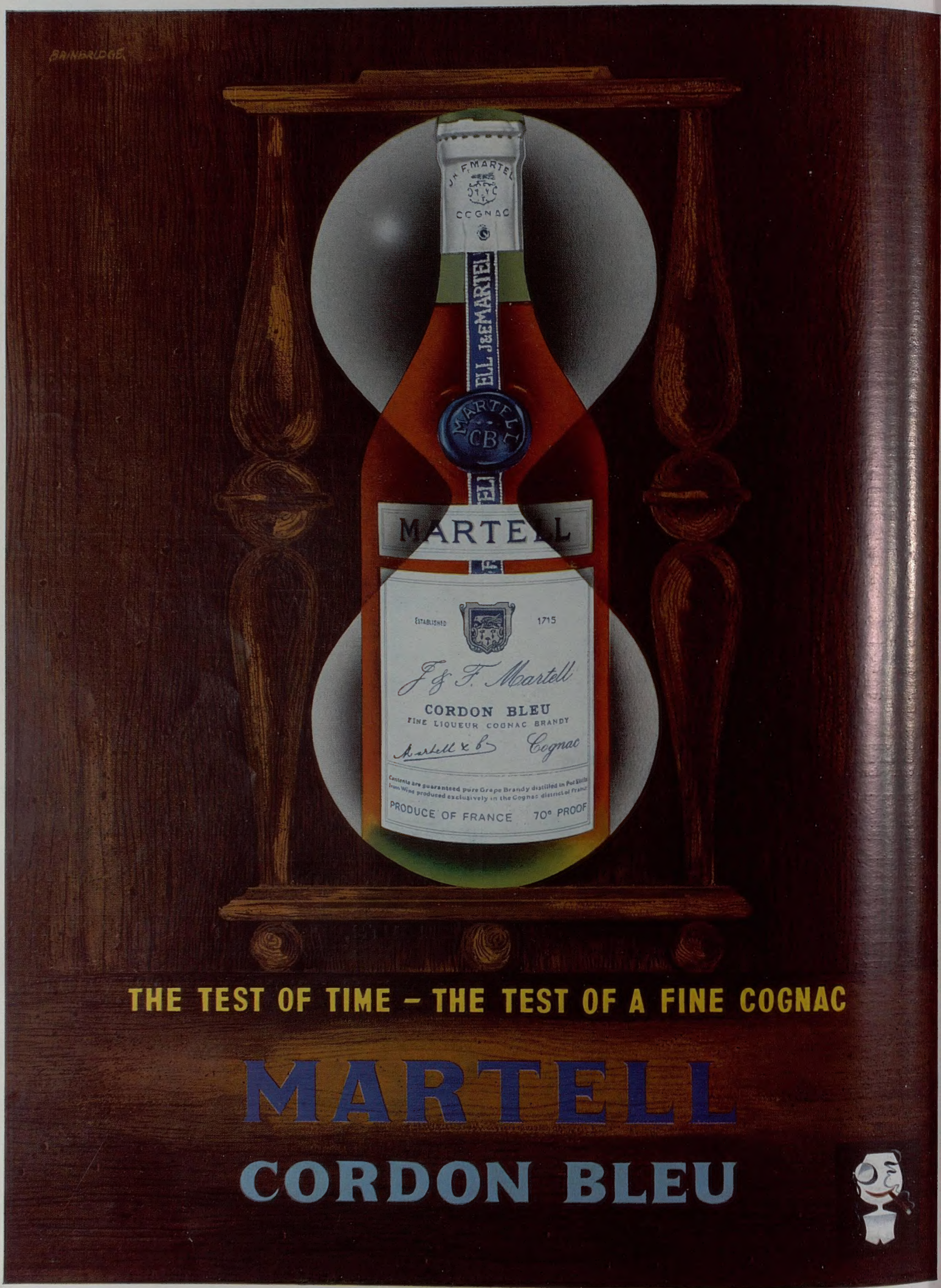
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